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April 30th, 2003 [28.30]

School's Out

Outta Here

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The pros and cons of Book Buy Back season

by Roy Vizer

April 7 marked the first day of the spring Book Buy Back at the university bookstore. It will continue through to the end of the month, giving students the chance to get some cash for their used texts. But when students receive such paltry sums as $1.50 for a $30 text book, many believe they are getting ripped off.

Some students, like Sarah Edgar, wait it out until the next semester to see if they can get a better price. It's a risk though, she says; you could be left with an outdated text and no money to show for it. If your text has been replaced by a new edition, the bookstore won't buy it and the wait will have been in vain.

The UVic Bookstore has bought over 21,000 books from students this year, says textbook buyer Suellen Guenther. She says they try to give students as much money as they can, offering half of the full price for both new and used books, assuming they are in useable condition and are needed for the next semester.

The truth is the "mercy" prices often offered at the Book Buy Back are not the bookstore's fault. According to Guenther, the store operates on a "cost-recovery" basis, only taking a 25 per cent profit to pay employees and cover the cost of running the store.

Those low offers for books not needed for next semester come from companies like Follett and MBS, wholesalers that supply books for universities and colleges all around the U.S. These wholesalers set up shop beside the bookstore for three weeks a year, buying back books for the UVic bookstore and buying books (ones the bookstore can't use) for themselves. According to Darlene Litz, assistant textbook buyer at the university bookstore, these companies operate on a demand basis.

"Students are desperate and [book-buying companies] take advantage of that fact," says Litz. She also says the situation is the same at the University of Calgary.

According to UVic Bookstore buyer Cathy Genge, the onus to improve the situation is on students and professors.

"Students don't realize they have a voice," she says. If students put pressure on their profs to keep less-recent editions, they will have no choice but to listen, she says. In turn, the price of books will drop and their resale value will rise.

However, Genge says the final say is "entirely up to the profs." This is a conflict of interest for students, especially when publishing companies enter the picture. "Publishers hate used books," says Genge. In order to sell new editions, publishing companies offer professors free copies, study guides and teaching aids in order to convince them to make the newer texts required. Genge says the newer books that include Internet access cards, study guides and CD-ROMs, "look like added value, but actually make it harder to sell [the book] back." Genge doesn't fault the companies though. "It's not a rip off," she says. "It's a business."

Another option for students is SUBtext, which allows students to consign their books. They take a 25 per cent fee for their services, but allow students to keep their books on the shelves for the whole semester. The pros? Books can be sold for whatever price the student wants. Cons? Students must remember to reconsign every February, or else their books become the store's property.

photo by Jocelyn Beyak

"How much for this one? I swear I never broke the seal!" Students can try to fund their post-exam binge drinking by selling off their books at the semi-annual Buy Back.

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Don't dump your junk, bring it to school

by Suzanne Beaubien

For the transient student, the end of April usually means a rushed job of packing.

On the day before your co-op job starts, after a night out at Felicita's, you throw your clothes in a backpack, some books in a box and you're ready to go, right? But what about those groceries you bought last week and all those second-hand dishes you found on your lawn after that big party? Maybe you can unload them on a needy friend, but what if everybody else is flying the coop, too?

Luckily, there are people at UVic who are willing to put your leftovers to good use over the next few weeks. Read on: Good karma awaits!

The shelves of the food bank in the SUB await your donations of leftover food, spices and toiletries. Unlike most food banks, they'll even accept fresh stuff, so bring your produce; they'll put it on the free food table, and it will be gone in minutes.

Amanda Prenger, the UVSS director responsible for organizing volunteers for the food bank, said donations come mostly from church groups, but some alumni have recently got on board.

"Somebody was so excited they graduated, that they dropped off a bag of groceries," said Prenger.

Another food bank volunteer, Justin Douglas, suggested students round up their extra cleaning supplies, spices, tea, napkins, and toilet paper—all things students tend to chuck when they move at the end of a term.

"The worst is when you're broke and you run out of toilet paper," Prenger agreed.

Douglas said they also welcome donations of pet and baby food, as well as feminine products.

Donations for the food bank can be dropped off at the UVSS Resource Centre in the SUB.

Moving beyond the kitchen, student Sarah Webb is organizing two more drop-off days for household items, clothes and books. On April 16 from 3-4:30 p.m., and April 23 from 11-12:30 p.m. she and other volunteers will be stationed under the big tents in front of the Student Union Building, collecting donated items which will be taken to one of the Victoria Women In Need stores.

"For a lot of students, they end up with a lot of stuff left over at the end of the year," said Webb. "This is a great opportunity to support a charity while keeping your junk out of the landfill."

For more information on the donation drop-off, e-mail Sarah Webb at swebb@uvic.ca.

photo by Jeffrey Weston

They're not talking mud masks: The campus pharmacy has run out of "particle filtration units" as students rush to protect themselves for overseas travel.

SARS at UVic

The university responds to concerns over the deadly disease

by John Thompson

The University of Victoria has taken several steps to alleviate concerns about the spread of severe acute respiratory syndrome (SARS), including hiring a SARS resource coordinator, providing secondary screenings at UVic health services, and organizing an information seminar for this Thursday, April 10.

"We have a fairly mobile community here, and we wanted people on campus to feel safe," said university spokesperson Patti Pitts. "I think with this disease being in the headlines so predominantly, it's almost certain there's concern out there."

Currently the source of the disease is unknown, although all cases have been traced back to Hong Kong. As of April 8, Health Canada had reported 232 probable or suspect cases of SARS and 10 deaths due to the disease in Canada.

Symptoms of the disease include fever, followed by respiratory symptoms such as coughing, shortness of breath or difficulty breathing. In some cases, the respiratory symptoms become increasingly severe, and people require oxygen support and mechanical ventilation. Other symptoms of SARS include muscle aches, headaches and sore throats.

The university's SARS resource coordinator, Dr. Elizabeth Lindsey, is an emeritus professor from the school of nursing and consultant to the World Health Organization. Pitts said Lindsey's role will be to conduct secondary screenings of UVic faculty, students and staff who have returned from SARS-affected areas, as well as help educate the campus community about the nature of the dramatically spreading disease. Lindsey herself was unavailable for comment prior to press time.

"As you can imagine, she's very busy right now," Pitts said. She added the university has also been

> "We have a fairly mobile community here, and we wanted people on campus to feel safe"
>
> *UVic spokesperson Patti Pitts*

working closely with the Vancouver Island Health Authority (VIHA) for over a week.

A screening area was setup on Friday at the newly-renovated campus health services centre.

Students, faculty and staff with any ailment problems are asked to use the west entrance.

"It's not just for people who think they have SARS," she said. "It's also to protect the staff and others in health services."

Anyone who has returned from infected areas identified by Health Canada are asked to attend these secondary screenings. As of April 1, these areas include the city of Hanoi, Vietnam; the People's Republic of China, including Hong Kong; Singapore; and Taiwan. Those returning from Toronto who have been working in a health facility, or have reason to believe they might have been in direct contact with someone with SARS, are also asked to check into the clinic.

Pitts emphasized that primary screenings have been conducted at airports, and that so far there have been no confirmed cases of SARS on the island.

So far, the SARS outbreak has led to the cancellation of at least one guest lecturer at UVic. Shen Lin, a Shakespeare scholar who planned to travel from Beijing to Victoria for an April 9 lecture, has cancelled his visit due to concern over SARS.

A public information seminar will be held on Thursday, April 10 at 4:30 p.m. in David Strong C103.

For more information, visit www.uvic.ca

No masks for sale in SUB

by Suzanne Beaubien

If students are hoping to protect themselves against SARS, they'll have to go further than campus for a face mask.

Laurie Beattie, manager of the People's Pharmacy in the Student Union Building, said the store has been sold out of the N-95 particle filtration mask (which has been recommended by health officials in Ontario) for over a week now.

"It doesn't look like we're prepared to meet the desire for protection," said Beattie, who added it's unlikely the store will get any more masks, as even health officials struggle to find enough to meet demands.

"You'll have to be persistent if you want to find one now," she said.

The store has seen a significant rise in demand for the masks in the past two weeks as people have bought them to send to family and friends in Ontario, where it is almost impossible to find a mask. Two to three people a day, many of them students with plans to travel internationally, request the masks, said Beattie. "We didn't have many here," she said. "The other store in Cadboro Bay got 30, and they sold out right away,"

The N-95 masks sell for $3.00 to 5.00 each. They've been recommended because they capture smaller particles than other masks. Other types of masks are cheaper, but are still difficult to get, said Beattie.

"People just want to protect themselves," she said.

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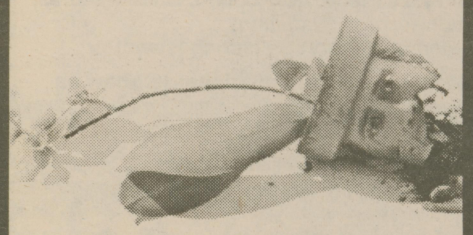

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Breakfast with the Chancellor:

Ron Lou-Poy talks to *the Martlet*

by Patrick White

Ron Lou-Poy, UVic's new chancellor, is late. After 10 minutes of waiting and two cups of coffee, I entertain thoughts of leaving. A young pro-shop attendant walks hurriedly to my table and tells me that Mr. Lou-Poy has called to say he is running late. Twenty minutes and another cup of coffee later, Ron Lou-Poy arrives. The excuse for his tardiness is probably a common one today: he forgot to spring ahead.

"I didn't realize the time until I heard it on the radio," he says. "My wife was all ready to go to church, she was all dressed up and then she realized we were behind time."

At 68, Lou-Poy looks as if he is barely approaching a half century. His spry steps, animated face and slim physique are unique among the crowd at the Uplands Golf Club café, where we sit for breakfast. He has been a member here for over 30 years and maintains a 21-handicap despite playing only once a week. "It used to be lower," he says modestly.

Lou-Poy was up late last night, being honoured by the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association of Victoria for his election to the chancellorship. He asks for a coffee and a glass of water from the waitress.

The chancellor of UVic is elected by members of convocation, which include alumni and past and present members of the board of governors, faculty and senate. Judging by the number of people who greet him as they walk by our table, his election win was no surprise. Everyone wants to shake his hand and say hello. He stands up to formally greet each one. I'm having breakfast with a celebrity.

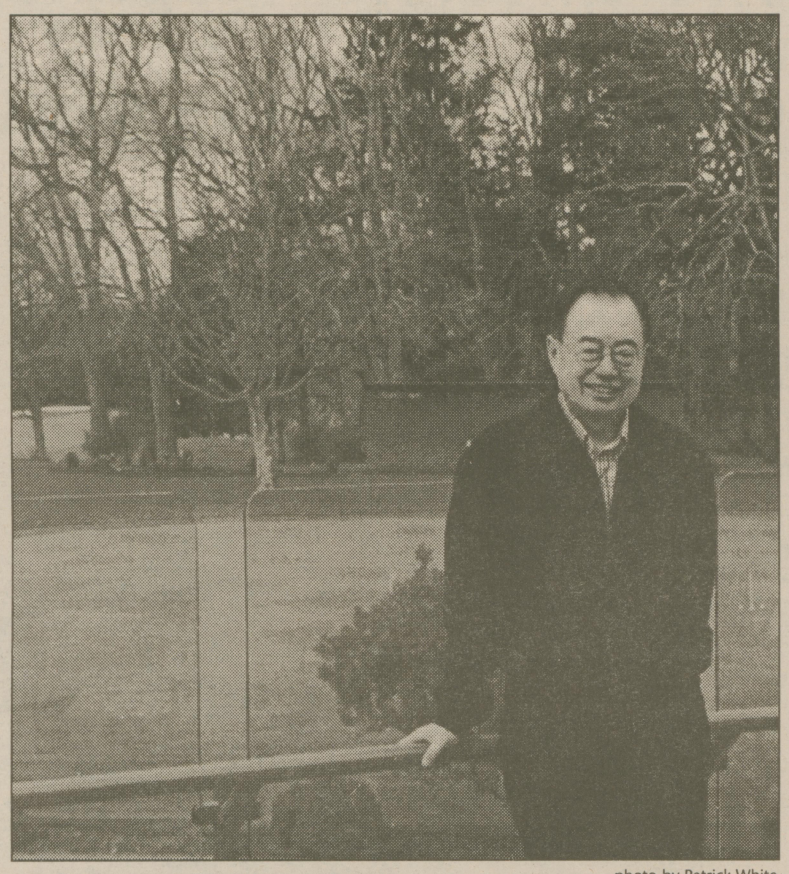

photo by Patrick White

UVic's busy Chancellor Ron Lou-Poy takes a moment to relax at the Uplands Golf Course.

He orders a full-size Eggs Benny and eats it slowly with the grace of a man who has attended his share of formal banquets.

Lou-Poy's extensive volunteer work has made him a well-known figure in Victoria. The United Way, Victoria Crimestoppers, the McPherson Foundation, the Kiwanis club, the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association and UVic's Board of Governors are just a few of the organizations he has worked with over the years.

Currently he is taking a break from most of them. "I was on three boards at once," he says. "It was just too much."

He is soft-spoken about his achievements. At the beginning of our conversation, I mistake his short answers for brusqueness, but I soon realize he uses only carefully measured words separated by contemplative pauses. I think my tape recorder is making him nervous.

Lou-Poy says he owes much of what he has accomplished to his father. Harry Lou-Poy owned a small grocery store on Fort Street renowned for its fresh, local produce. So good was his produce that Safeway stores soon became customers. He later sold the store to focus on produce wholesaling.

Harry encouraged his son to pursue post-secondary education. Harry was only able to make it to grade eight due to segregated elementary schools. By the time he reached open public school he was three years older the students in his grade eight class. He soon quit. Yet he valued education and encouraged his son to attend university.

Ron took his father's advice, attending Victoria College and then UBC for a commerce and law degree.

Considering Harry's encouragement, Ron saw it fitting to make a sizeable donation to what became the Harry Lou-Poy Infant and Toddler Child Care Centre at UVic. "It is something that would have interested him (Harry)," says Ron of the Child Care Centre.

Upon returning to Victoria, the young lawyer was asked to be on the board of the Victoria Art Gallery. It was there he first saw the benefits of community organizations. "When I first started out as a lawyer," says Lou-Poy, "they asked me if I'd like to go out and sell corporate memberships at 50 dollars a pop. That gave me a great opportunity to go out and meet people. It's good for your business." It was to be the start of a long and locally famous career in volunteerism.

The chancellor is the honorary head of the university, is the chair of convocation ceremonies, confers all degrees and is a member of the UVic Senate and Board of Governors. As with most things, it's a role Lou-Poy is humble about. "It's not very much really," he says of the position. "The president is still the boss."

He is just as modest about his day job as senior partner at Crease, Harman and Company, B.C.'s oldest law firm, where he will be heading after our breakfast, even though it is Sunday. "It's nothing, really," he says of the prestigious title.

Still, he admits that taking over the position from the popular Norma Mickelson will be a challenge. "It's a tough job after Norma. She's held in such high esteem that it will be hard to fill her shoes. They say Norma has tapped over 22,000 heads in six years."

Even though Lou-Poy has yet to fully acquaint himself with the position, he has made at least one change from previous years. There will be only two convocations per day rather than three, "To cut down on the amount of work," he says.

He agrees with many of the more controversial initiatives of the current administration. Though he admits its harder for students to pay for school today than when he attended university, he supports the latest tuition increases.

"I don't think there's any choice. Tuition fees had been frozen for six years. Now it's catch-up time. I think it's really improved the morale among faculty because they have more money to spend."

Lou-Poy becomes much more conversational when I turn off the tape recorder. We talk over a few more coffees about family, summer plans and golf. When the bill comes, he puts it on his account and won't listen to any discussion otherwise.

A table of three catches his eye when we rise to leave. He walks over to it and begins a cheery chat with a man and a little girl who is creating a precarious tower out of jam packets.

When we reach the doors, he takes a waitress aside and asks her to put the bill for the table of three on his account. I don't think he knows I'm eavesdropping.

Before we part ways, he promises to bring me out for a round on the private and prestigious Uplands course sometime in the future.

I'm glad I decided not to leave when I had the chance.

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The second annual *Martlet* News Quiz!!

by the *Martlet* News Staff

It's that time of year again. We've got space to fill and heck, some of us are leaving soon and just want to reminisce a little. So reminisce with us. Remember all those stories about trees and protests? Remember the Jackasses? The election coverage? Oh, the memories. Fill out our Martlet *news quiz, and bring it in to SUB B011 for sweet prizes! We don't know what yet.*

photo by Mark Vardy

Our spy cam caught reporter Jeff Andrew listening to Ingmar Lee elaborating on the finer points of taking on the Turpster.

1. Who is currently the chair of the UVic Students' Society?

a) Troy Sebastian
b) Michelle Kinney
c) Peter Verin
d) A box of tacks, according to some campus media

2. How many people have dropped off the board of directors this year?

a) Five
b) Six
c) What's the board of directors?

3. Future plans for expansion of the Cunningham Woods tree-sit include:

a) Construction of a large "Welcome to Endor" sign
b) Setting another platform in a neighbouring tree and stringing ropes between the two to allow protesters to "skywalk" around the roof of the forest
c) With the help of student engineers, building an escape pod that will blast off with rocket thrusters

4. Ingmar Lee is:

a) UVic's best-known activist
b) Omnipresent
c) A taxi driver
d) All of the above

5. What do the student union and UVic administration agree on?

a) Tuition fee increases are painful, but necessary
b) *Martlet* newswriter John Thompson is a pain in the ass
c) Smoothies at the juice bar kick ass!

6. When global conflict hits, the initial response from UVic students is to:

a) Protest
b) Go camping
c) Shock and awe
d) A bit of all the above

7. In March, UVic hosted a conference on women and depression sponsored by a controversial pharmaceutical company that manufactures:

a) The popular anti-depressant Paxil
b) The popular stimulant ephedran
c) The popular soft-drink Pepsi Cola

8. During Holly Pattison's Campus Security ridealong, what was stolen?

a) Several campus rabbits
b) The Petch fountain
c) $300,000 from the SUB
d) One car, and several bags of salt 'n' vinegar chips

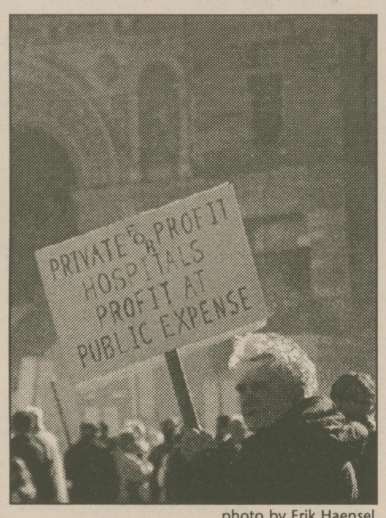

photo by Erik Haensel

This photo is a hint. For question nine. Oh we're so generous.

9. What special interest groups protested together this January?

a) Sandpeople and Jawas
b) Hippies and commerce students
c) Seniors and students

10. One 30 per cent tuition increase plus another 30 per cent tuition increase equals:

a) 60 per cent
b) 69 per cent
c) Don't ask us, we're journalists

11. One of the wackiest Club Jackass stunts involved eating:

a) Vomit soup
b) Catfood
c) Res cafeteria food
d) A 34-foot Mr. Tube-Steak hot dog

12. In late October, *Martlet* reporter Patrick White found UVic President David Turpin's secret weapon was:

a) Boring PowerPoint presentations
b) Laser beams that shoot from his eyes
c) A talking car (like on *Knight Rider*)

13. Ben Isitt has the informal title of:

a) Pope
b) Mayor of Fernwood
c) Activist Jedi-Knight
d) The Motor City Madman

14. Which of the following has UVic law student Kent Glowinski not attempted to sue?

a) The UVSS
b) Campus Security
c) Haensel. He's so hot right now.

15. Why was SUB employee Janine Bandcroft fired?

a) for constructing and then burning a toothpick effigy of Gordon Campbell
b) for objecting to excessive toothpick use
c) Actually, she wasn't fired. She quit.

16. During the unveiling of the UVic car share program, a well-dressed man appeared from behind a bush. Who was he?

a) A trouble-maker from UVic residence, known as "The Bandit."
b) UVic President David Turpin
c) Infommercial guru Ron Popeil, touting his "Insta-Dreads" Hippie curling iron

17. What did Ingmar Lee say when he was alledgedly assaulted by campus security?

a) "Stop touching my knees!"
b) "Quit pulling my ears!"
c) "Stop manhandling me!"
d) "Quit eating my sandwich!"

18. What new buildings are at the heart of UVic's Campus Development Plan?

a) Medical and engineering buildings
b) The new Red Lion Inn/Fox Pub
c) Captain McChunky's Campus Crab Shack
d) UVSS-operated "Mustang Ranch"

19. Which of the following do chimps at the Fauna Foundation in Montreal find most entertaining?

a) *Matlock* reruns
b) *Playboy* magazine
c) Elizabethan revenge dramas
d) David Turpin's "Vision For the Future" PowerPoint presentation

21. When Pierre Berton worked at *the Martlet*, which of the following was not one of his contributions:

a) a comic strip about the misadventures of a plump college student
b) monthly "Grow Your Own Stone" advice column for potheads
c) the "Craigdarroch Comment By Anatole"
d) Both a) and c)

photo by Jeff Andrew

Extra points for whoever can remember how many pictures of trees the *Martlet* printed this year.

21. In the last six months, Ingmar Lee has been physically ejected from which of these places on campus?

a) The Michèle Pujol Room
b) The cavernous bathroom in the basement of the library
c) The Business and Economics Building
d) Both a) and c)

22. Who was on UVic's payroll for the last fiscal year, ending March 31, 2002?

a) Employees of David Turpin's Shoe-Mart
b) Former UVic president David Strong
c) Former SUB business manager Vivek Sharma
d) *Miami Vice* star Philip-Michael Thomas

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Peace Camp dismantled after protesters terrorized

by John Thompson

For an anti-war protest, the ending was far from peaceful.

The UVic peace camp was terrorized late on Friday evening when youth shouting pro-American slogans rolled over tents and smashed furniture.

Many of the campers weren't there, but Erik Haensel arrived Saturday morning to find his tent knocked over and the wooden rocking chair donated to the camp broken to pieces.

Haensel said campers had become accustomed to the odd taunt by passers-by who disagreed with their cause, but never expected tension to escalate to violence.

"There was just shit everywhere," he said. "It was surprising... We expected people to disagree with us, but not to become aggressive."

No other campers could be reached prior to press time, but Haensel said reactions were mixed.

"I think people felt frustrated, and really awe-struck... and a bit violated.

"They all knew that by publicly camping they were making a public stance," he said.

Still, they were surprised by the violent backlash.

"We just didn't think that would happen at a university. We were disappointed."

"I'm just glad a lot of people weren't there when it happened," he added.

He admits enthusiasm for the camp was petering out. Still, he estimates they reached about 1,000 people through the vigil they organized and regular discussions spurred by the presence of the peace camp.

"There were people who came to us with tears in their eyes, who were really affected," he said. "There was a real connection made."

Haensel expects he met about 60 new people from his 11 days of camping out on the lawn. About 15 of them he now counts as good friends.

The campers were expected to move soon anyhow. Facilities management gave them a 5 p.m. deadline on Tuesday afternoon to clear out, which camp organizers agreed to.

"It was disappointing we didn't come together and take them down," he said, but added the peace camp should be remembered as a successful outreach to the campus community, and for avoiding confrontation with the university.

"It's important to remember what the camp was, not what it is now."

photo by Zoë Bake-Paterson

A smashed rocking chair sits where the peace camp once was. Bandits terrorized sleeping protesters Friday night, rolling over one tent while shouting pro-Bush slogans.

Anatomy of an all-nighter: One student's tale

by Jennifer Crosby

Home (a.k.a Procrastination HQ):
6:00 - 8:50 p.m. Whine about term paper due tomorrow.

Clearihue Computing Facility:
9:00 p.m. Check Hotmail. Delete all messages about debt reduction, sex toys and free Bermuda vacations. Open paper-in-progress.

9:14 p.m. Answer e-mail.
Check word count of paper-in-progress.
Check inbox. Hit refresh button twice, just in case.

10:10 p.m. Reword essay intro. Bold, centre and 16-point size title.

Midnight: Wish I hadn't deleted all those e-mails.
Stay at computer lab until it closes.

2:59 a.m. Wink at lab guy as I leave, just in case I can't open my document in the morning.

7-11 Convenience Store:
3:10 a.m. Junk food stock-up stop. Debate between pop and Slurpees, Pringles and ripple chips, Ding-Dongs, Ho-Hos, jujubes, Guy Dings and anything else with a name by Dr. Seuss and a shelf life longer than my university career (six years and counting).

At Home, II:
3:30 a.m. Heat can of Scooby-Doo Spaghetti-Os in an attempt to eat some nutritious study food.

3:40 a.m. Conduct critical analysis of Spaghetti-O shapes, consult can label for answer key.

3:42 a.m. Get inspiration for *Martlet* article.

3:49 a.m. Mistake pencil shaving for chocolate bar crumb. Try to keep choking/hairball noises to a minimum so as not to wake roommates.

3:51 a.m. Contacts start to make eyes stick shut.
Inspiring idea to distract self from eye pain: get naked. Realize that although we make babies do it, lying naked on the rug is not at all nice, especially if your roommates are not so proficient with the vacuuming.

3:53 a.m. Look up "proficient" in thesaurus. Change to "competent." Add vacuum to birthday wish list.

3:55 a.m. Put clothes back on.

4:30 a.m. Colour every second word in introduction varying shades of red. Realize introduction is far too short. Realize being red does not make it look any longer.

4:48 a.m. My stomach hates me. I hate my stomach.

5:01 a.m. Roommate gets up for morning 20 km run. Get inspiration for *Martlet* article: "Triathletes: Scourge of the Earth."

5:19 a.m. Invent fun new coffee substitutes, like Butterscotch Milk (equal parts milk and butterscotch ice cream topping). Stomach is once again friendly.
Make origami crane from chocolate bar wrapper. Avoid crumbs.

5:26 a.m. Eleven hours left. Invade roommate's snack cupboard. Start to do the head bob while reading. Smell peel of orange as I am eating it in hopes it will equate to invigorating aromatherapy

5:38 a.m. Spellcheck time. Not for term paper, for *Martlet* article draft. Decide whoever made spellcheck is a moron.

5:55 a.m. Close down "Anatomy of An All-Nighter" document because I cannot get a degree in *Martlet*-article writing. Anthropology, on the other hand, is potentially attainable, provided I finish this paper.

Clearihue Computing Facility, II:
3:15 p.m. What is the point of winking at the lab tech if he's not going to be here when my disk craps out?

4:01 p.m. Practice yoga breathing to avoid killing yappy-group-project people.

4:03 p.m. Wonder if failing to type out a bibliography will result in loss of marks.

4:04 p.m. Realize Anthro office might close at 4 o'clock today.

4:25 p.m. Run into office, breathless, glazed-eyed, malnourished, over-caffeinated... and victorious.

4:30 p.m. Breathe sigh of relief. Only four more papers to go.

Jennifer Crosby is presenting this article as a work of fiction, just in case her paper hasn't been marked yet.

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Indigenous perspectives

Who's going to listen to an Indian anyway?

by Gordon de Frane

The other day, I wandered through a portion of Cunningham Woods—that part that used to be a wooded area until this past winter. My footsteps followed the tracks of the bulldozers and heavy equipment sent in to level the trees and make way for a new building.

New buildings aren't so bad. The university needs to find places for the ever-increasing numbers of students. I guess that means trees on campus will be less important and fewer in number as the student population continues to grow. However, just downtown there will be an old building coming available in May, when the Bay moves into its new quarters in the Victoria Eaton Centre. A real downtown university campus would be a handy dandy enterprise. Just think: several floors of usable space just waiting to be redeveloped, reused and recycled. Most importantly: no trees would have to come down.

The life of a building is about 50 odd years—for the new ones, that is. The older buildings, if they are lucky, will get heritage designation, which should keep them standing and looking nice until the next big earthquake. Trees, however, can be around for hundreds and even thousands of years. A tree does not exist as an entity unto itself; it is home to a whole community of its own. The soil in which it roots is filled with microbial life. The land in which a tree grows, as it reaches for the sun, is populated with grasses, camas, avalanche lilies, mosses, ferns and any host of other plants that move into the neighbourhood of a stand of trees. Each tree anchors its neighbour. A tree's bark is home to populations of moss and lichen, insects and other visitors and creepy crawly dwellers. The branches of a tree offer shade in summer and daily scrubs clean the air we breathe. That was David Anderson's prevarication over the Kyoto accord and whether Canada's Arboreal Forests should gain us international credits to add more pollution to the air we breathe. Because, he reasoned, we have these giant bio sinks called forests and they are just handy dandy at scrubbing the air that we pollute. To Mr. Anderson, those trees hard at work meant an international cache to continue to add particulate to the already overburdened thin biosphere. It's the same thin layer of atmosphere in which humans exist, in which all living things live. Of course, trees can only scrub the air if they are standing and still attached to their root systems. The spreading branches of a tree provide shelter to birds, squirrels and other resident wild life—including humans. Humans have been known to sit under trees and make world-changing discoveries that benefit humankind. If there had been no trees, would we have the law of gravity? What would have happened if Lord Siddhartha was unable to sit beneath the bodhi tree, for example?

My people have known about the intrinsic value that trees have had ever since our ancient ancestors fell from the skies. It goes beyond raw material to make paper, timber products and materials out of which buildings are made from. For example, in Salish teachings the red and yellow cedar trees are called Trees of Life. Every indigenous culture has a reverence for a certain type of tree. Salish revere the cedar tree, as do all West Coast indigenous cultures. The cedar tree provided everything to Salish people. Its bark was stripped and used to make diapers, hats, clothing, and matting. Even serviettes were made from shredded cedar bark. The tree itself, over a period of time, provided house planks and houseposts too.

The art of harvesting cedar planks was nothing less than ancient technological genius at work. Salish carpenters would climb a cedar tree to the desired length of a plank; then the tree trunk was notched and an awl was wedged in to a certain depth and then slipped down the notch. The Salish carpenters then climbed down and waited for the combination of the seasons and winds and the tree to make a plank. As the winds blew the tree swayed back and forth, the awl would slowly work its way down the trunk of the tree. Eventually pressure from within would cause a plank to pop out of the side of the cedar. This technology is the epitome of selective logging: the Salish carpenters obtained a invaluable house plank and the tree remained standing ready for future harvests and contributions to Salish life ways.

Back east, the paper birch tree of the Eastern Woodlands is valued for its renewable, harvestable bark. Canoes are made from the paper birch as well as baskets, cradleboards and a host of other household objects that the Cree and Ojibwa people used and valued in their way of life. The sugar maples of the Eastern Woodlands provided maple sugar and syrup too. The teachings of the Tree of Peace of the eastern peoples are evidence of the covenant with the Great Peacemaker and the peoples who valued peace over war. Evidently trees foster peace—something we must consider as the U.S. beats it war drums.

Salish did not kill trees without purpose. Salish did not go wantonly into the Pacific Slope forests seeking to bring death and destruction to our cousins and relatives the trees. Salish preferred to harvest the trees that the winds had already felled for us during the winter storms. A windfall gift was used for canoes, houseposts and kerfed wood boxes, feast wear and just about anything imaginable required by Salish people. The only thing the cedar did not give of itself was food; however, Salish used cedar to cook with, as storage vessels and in ritual and ceremonial purposes during our winter dance complex.

If Salish needed to take a tree's life, ritual and ceremony was part of the request. Salish asked the tree for its life. Ritual and ceremony ensured and reinforced the bond between the people and the trees. Once a tree consented, then and only then did Salish take it down. When the tree fell, the people looked away so as to allow the spirit of the tree to escape rather than be trapped inside and die once it touched the earth. If the spirit became trapped and died it would seep into the land as poison.

I wonder what ritual and ceremony the decision-makers undertook when they sent the bulldozers and chain saws into Cunningham Woods. Did they invite Elders and traditionally trained people to come and speak with the trees? Did they ask any of the local medicine people's opinions? Were any traditionally trained people present to perform the rituals and ceremonies required before taking a tree's life? What ritual and ceremony allowed them to make level the earth I walked on that day in Cunningham Woods?

I'm just an Indian studying at UVic. I don't expect anyone to listen to me. I don't expect any decision-makers to seek out the wisdom of any of my relatives either that study along side of me. I don't expect anyone to come seeking an Indian's wisdom on what to do about Cunningham Woods. After all, it's just a community of trees working to provide shelter to a host of other communities that inhabit UVic campus—including the decision-makers who decide the fate of the trees.

After all, who's going to listen to an Indian anyway, much less a tree?

Student Voice

Male body image: The unspoken struggle

by Trey McNeil

Someone once said, "A lot of women have negative body image. Men have no body image." Actually, most men do have a body image and it is no laughing matter.

I am not saying that most of us want to be thin. I'm talking about the pressure, especially on young men, to be fit and muscular. Unfortunately, not all of us can live up to this standard. In fact, very few can. So what's the big deal? The big deal is that while "only" three per cent of anorexics are men, about two to four per cent of people who use steroids are women. This means that roughly 97 per cent of the estimated 2 million steroid users in North America are men.

So, why are men doing this to themselves? According to self-report studies, the number one answer, especially among young people, is that they take steroids "to get big." Athletic achievement came in second. Let's consider this: Hundreds of thousands of mostly young men are ingesting substances that they know are harmful, in an effort to build bigger muscles and do better in sports to live up to a social standard. This certainly sounds like a negative body image to me.

Unfortunately, most people don't even know this is going on. The majority of people I know think only women suffer from negative body image. My guess is men are keeping quiet about their struggle with body image because they are scared of being seen as weak, because this society raises our boys to think they have to be in control. Another possibility is that society is focusing so much on girls and their thinness that they don't really notice when boys go to extreme measures to meet the standard set for them. Don't get me wrong. I think that eating disorders are a serious problem and require attention. All I am saying is that men's struggle to be big also needs to be addressed, before men start dying at a rate at which people have to take notice.

I feel bad for guys who are popping pills and hitting the gym to look and perform the way others say they should. It's time to take a good hard look at what we are saying to our boys and men and the effect these messages are having.

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Editorial

Week of lasts

Those schoolgirl days of telling tales and biting nails are gone...

I guess, but I feel more like Morrissey than Lulu—a little glum.

Yeah, this is it—the last *Martlet* of the semester, the ultimate *Martlet*, my last *Martlet*.

Damn, this year has gone fast. You know what the problem is? It's the time-flies-when-you're-having-fun thing. I had too much fun, and the year has gone too darn quickly.

So have we really made a difference with our little tabloid? I'd like to think so but, if I may invoke Johnny Mathis, it's not for me to say.

Anyway, I'm pretty sure that we managed to do something different with the *Martlet* this year. Hopefully y'all noticed. And I trust that next year, it'll be different all over again.

But it's not without a touch of melancholy that I sit here typing words into the grey box for the last time. The *last issue*. Shit. It's a week of lasts, of noticing the little things I've taken for granted throughout the year... The last time I'll sign off on an editorial; the last time I'll check the *Martlet* e-mail and see 50 porn junk e-mails and one real letter; the last time I'll hear Production Co-ordinator Stewart Wood say "wanker"... It's the dumb little things I notice and it's the dumb little things I'll probably miss most. Stop me before I steer this into some kind of meaningful metaphor for appreciating the day-to-day mundanities of life. I'll stop myself.

"Mundanities? Is that even a word?"

Anyway, it has been fun—perhaps too much fun. So, to anyone who's going to be around next year, I strongly urge you to come down to SUB B011 and get involved. If you have half as much fun as I did, then I'll have had twice as much fun as you.

Okay, that about wraps it up for this week of lasts. Looks like I'm closing in on the bottom of the grey box for the last time. (Damn, here come the waterworks.) I wonder, fleetingly, if there's time to reference "The Last Farewell" by Roger Whittaker. Probably not.

Kindest regards,

A teary-eyed Robin Platts

Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings (each Friday at 11:30 am, in SUB B011). Editorials are written by one or more staff members, and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.

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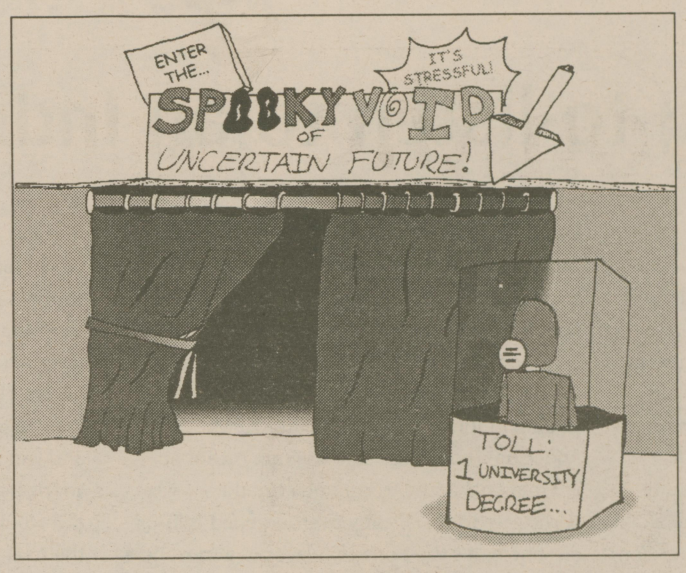
Write us, or write *for* us: martlet@uvic.ca



Student Voice

Public transit service key element in healthy communities

by Kristen Kvakic

There is no doubt that we live in a car-focused society. Suburbs, strip malls, and freeways were designed and built with the idea people would travel to those destinations in single occupancy vehicles. Shifting people's thinking away from a limited view of public transit as a social service designed to benefit the poor or otherwise disadvantaged will be the first step in redefining the role that public transit plays in our communities. If we decide to increase the services that public transit offers and keep our parks and campus green spaces instead of turning them into parking lots, we will have made a positive shift both environmentally and socially.

Access to transit allows people to participate in the affairs of their respective communities. It gets people to school, work, or out with friends.

Taking the bus can be a relaxing time to think about the day ahead or to reflect on the day you've just had. The bus can take you home safe when you have had too much to drink or connect your grandmother to her weekly bridge club. No matter which way you look at it, there is no down side to a system of accessible, comprehensive, public transit services.

I, like many others, rely on public transit as my sole mode of motorized transportation. I haven't owned a car in years and I don't plan on getting one anytime soon. That is, unless BC Transit continues to cut services forcing me to buy a heap of scrap metal just so I can make it to work.

The benefits of not using a car on a daily basis are many. Not only does it save me a ton of money in gas, maintenance, and parking fees, it also means that I walk more and give myself more time to get where I need to go. I also have the good fortune of doing work in a community agency where the clients rely heavily on public transit. When I am able to assure them bus tickets to get from their homes to our programs, I am reminded how vital a role public transit plays in the well-being of many people's lives. It is for these and many other reasons that potential cuts to public transit service scare me.

While the Province has agreed to maintain its current portion of funding for public transit until 2004/05, beyond that it is uncertain what their contribution will be. BC Transit projects that increased demands for service between now and 2006/07 will require another $14.9 million annually. This money has to come from somewhere or else we face massive cuts to service. If the province does not share a vision for a comprehensive, affordable, public transit system, the Capital Region will have to develop a community based funding and governance strategy to deal with local demands for service.

In a recent discussion document and consultation guide, BC Transit proposes a Community Transit Authority model of governance as one option in the restructuring of provincial and local transit authorities. In this model, provincial authority is transferred to a local body. This local body would assume responsibility over all aspects of service provision. The Transit Board would be comprised of elected representatives appointed by their various stakeholder groups. This board would then be responsible for allocating program wide funding, staffing and administration, setting and achieving performance targets, and evaluating program efficiencies.

What doesn't make sense to me is the funding strategy that accompanies this community governance model. In this proposal, core funding for local transit services would come from a provincially legislated gas tax. The province would collect the tax and then hand it over to the community transit authority to allocate to transit services. There is something contradictory about proposing to fund public transit with provincial dollars collected through a gas tax! As people make the environmentally conscious choice to get out of their cars and onto the bus, the funding base that the transit system depends on will be diminished.

If we are to achieve the goal of increased ridership and decreased dependency on single occupancy vehicles, we cannot argue for a gas tax to fund public transit systems. Instead a relatively stable source of funding, such as revenue generated from increased property taxes should be explored.

We could also examine the possibility of an affordable sliding scale bus pass so that everyone, regardless of income, has access to transportation.

Whether or not you agree with my vision for public transit, it is an important issue that affects the lives of all community members. BC Transit is seeking public input in their review of funding and service strategies, and I would encourage people to go to the website at www.bctransit.com and take a look at the discussion and consultation guide on sustainable transit funding and governance models. Then take the time to think about the role that public transit plays in your community and write to Mr. Gregory Slocombe, chair of the BC Transit Board of Directors to tell him how you think public transit should be administered. You may also want to start a community transit users group that could keep on top of proposed changes to service and lobby for an increase in the municipal contribution.

Most importantly, put your car keys away and take the bus. Who knows, you may find you like it better than driving by yourself.

Student Voice

Why I love Bush: Putting the "Ya!" back in "Dubya"

by Brian Lander

I am a fan of George W. Bush. During these months of mass opposition to the new American imperialism, I have come to realize how much better the world has become since Bush's 'election'. Before he came along, it looked like corporate globalization was unstoppable, but he has single handedly created a powerful worldwide movement of opposition to U.S. hegemony.

Protests like the one in Quebec City a few years ago had a frantic energy, which came from our knowledge that 'they' were winning, that U.S.-led globalization was advancing due to widespread public apathy, ignorance, and support. The economy was booming and people generally seemed to think that everything was okay. But everything was not okay. It just seemed that way because the U.S. government knew how to make itself look benevolent.

Bill Clinton was an intelligent and skillful diplomat, and did a good job of promoting U.S. interests worldwide. But for those of us who believe that the American domination of the world is a bad thing, George Bush Jr. is a much better president. Bush has made it perfectly clear that the U.S. has only its own interests in mind, and has alienated people around the world.

Even before September 11, Bush's tariffs and agricultural subsidies demonstrated that though the American government expected other countries to open their economies to American business, the U.S. itself did not intend to reciprocate the favour. This convinced many that free trade with the U.S. was not a good idea.

After 9/11, the American government received incredible worldwide sympathy and support. A good politician could have used this sympathy to further the interests of his country abroad. But Bush, instead of nurturing this support, has completely destroyed it.

It may seem that, by preferring Bush to Clinton, I support militarism and violence. But the U.S. has always been a violent country; they've just been discreet. The example of Iraq provides a good illustration.

U.N. sanctions, established with the support of the U.S. after the Gulf War, led to the deaths of well over 1,000,000 Iraqis before the end of Clinton's time in office. Clinton certainly knew that the Iraqi people were suffering, and that the sanctions were not resulting in Saddam's overthrow, yet he left them in place. He let millions starve, and did not even have to deal with a protest movement. Bush, on the other hand, created an incredible worldwide opposition movement before he even began killing Iraqis. That's why I like Bush.

I am not completely optimistic, though. The reckless actions of the current American government in the Middle East could lead to an even worse outcome than the domination of the globe by U.S.-led capitalism. Also worrisome is the trend within the U.S., where McCarthy's red scare is back in full swing, but the reds are now called 'terrorists.' Even McCarthy never got himself a 'Homeland Security Department.'

Despite these threats, I maintain that Bush is a pretty good president, though I have a hard time believing that he has any idea what he is doing. The only reasons Americans might support this war are for a better control of the world's oil supply, and to have the satisfaction of winning some Saracen land back for Christendom. Oh yeah, and "Freedom," whatever that means.

Sometimes I suspect that Bush is actually a violent Islamic fanatic who has disguised himself as a violent Christian fanatic in order to launch an immense Al-Qaeda recruiting drive in the Middle East.

Despite the dangers, I choose to look on the sunny side. I believe that the growing global culture of opposition is much more powerful than the world's largest military and economy. I am aware that most protesters in the streets of Jakarta, Barcelona, San Francisco, and elsewhere are not anti-capitalists. But Bush has shown what no previous U.S. government was ever stupid enough to display: that his government operates in its own interests, irrespective of the interests of other countries and those of most American citizens. Bush has torn apart the facade of the U.S.A as the bastion of Democracy and Freedom, and replaced it with a more accurate display of brute power. The people of the world are becoming more attuned to global inequality and oppression, and will not quickly forget it. The U.S. empire has dealt itself a mighty blow, and for that I owe my thanks to George W. Bush.

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The Martlet welcomes fan fiction submissions, especially erotic stories involving the Backstreet Boys and the A-Team (slash okay), or anything involving Urkel and Regis Philbin.

on the spot

Will you marry me?

The Bachelor: Craig Battle
Bridesmaids: Robin Platts, Briony Smith, Rich Cole and Rachelle Leblanc

Natalie Crawshaw
SUB General Office Secretary

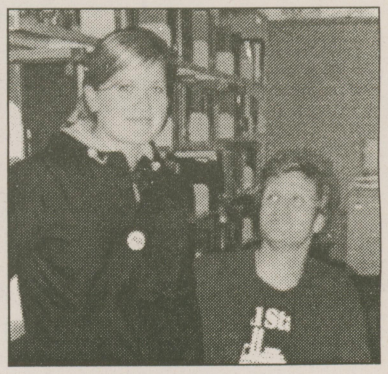
Natalie: But I'm already married.
Robin: Craig Battle is a Mormon. It's no problem. You know what I'm sayin'?
Natalie: Sorry, I'm going to have to say no. Although if I wasn't already married, I would seriously consider it.

Rich Cole
Everyman

(Fourth-floor men's room, Clearihue Building. Craig stands at urinal next to cubicle in which Rich Cole is seated)
Craig: You and me—let's get hitched.
Rich: I'm just trying to do my business here.
Craig: What business would that be, that's more important than marriage?
Rich: Sonofabitch! Do you know who I am? I'm Rich Cole! I made my bones when you were going out with cheerleaders!

Becky Julseth
4th year Fine Arts

Becky: No.
Craig: See, it's troubling—it's pretty bold. We haven't had a chance to get to know each other yet.
Rich: What about love at first sight?
Becky: *(confused by the* Martlet *team's incoherent babbling)* I don't get it.
Robin: *(noticing Becky's anti-Bush button)* Craig Battle doesn't like George Bush. His politics are right on.
Becky: Do you guys want to fill me in? What's going on?
Briony: Craig was in *This Side of West*, too.
Becky: Do you guys know me? I thought you just asked people randomly.
Robin: No, we wouldn't be that crazy… Yes, it's random. So now that you know that, would you consider marrying Craig Battle?
Becky: I don't think so.
Robin: What's your main objection to him?
Becky: I've never met him before and I don't know anything about him and I have a boyfriend.
Briony: Don't you like his "Tall Stacks" t-shirt?
Becky: I actually like the shirt. It's a good shirt. It's nothing personal.



Letters

Yay Martlet!
Oh Happy Day! I just wanted to express my thanks to all *the Martlet* staff who worked with myself and other concerned students about the General Motors ads that appeared in recent editions. Special thanks to Rachelle Leblanc, *Martlet* ad director, who worked so hard to get the ads changed.

Sarah Webb

War—justified?
I saw on the news the other day that the Americans bombed a marketplace somewhere in Iraq. On the news there were pictures of people crying, carrying coffins filled with the bodies of friends and relatives. Some of the Iraqis were interviewed, their hate for the Americans obvious.

The Americans are asking us to support this war in Iraq. Asking us to support a war in which they bomb market places, kill innocent people, innocent children. That is a hard thing to do.

This war is a bad thing. I don't think you will find too many people who will disagree with that. The main question seems to be about whether this war is justified—whether more good will be done in the long run by ousting Mr. Hussein, or by leaving him alone.

I think that this war is justified. It is terrible, and I truly wish that it had never happened, but I think that by having this war, it will be better for the Iraqis in the long run. If Saddam stays in power, he will continue on the reckless killing of innocent people. More then likely, after he dies, his sons will take over the family business.

Yes, the Americans are killing innocent people. So is the present regime in Iraq. The biggest difference between the two? There is an end in sight of the Americans killing people. Eventually the war will end, and some kind of puppet dictatorship will be set up. Maybe then the killing will stop. Not the best solution, I'll admit, but better then the wholesale slaughter that we have at the moment.

William Ferrey

***You* shut up**
Re: "Cancel the Muppet Show" (April 3): Tyler, and all those who want everyone to support the troops, I think it's YOU who have to start some listening.

Yes, "our" troops are risking their lives. It's never about the Iraqi people, is it? It's all about "us" and the sacrifices "we" make for the good of the world. I'm sorry, but if you want me to support this brutal war simply to make "our" troops guilt-free for spreading (albeit involuntarily) more hatred and hostility in the world (how naive are we to think there won't be reprisals?), you're not getting it from me.

I receive e-mails from so-called prayer groups calling Iraqi people "MONSTERS" and telling me to "support our troops," telling Arabs to get out of the country and go to France. Do you honestly think such people care about giving "freedom" to a bunch of "monsters?" No, it's all about OUR freedom.

I think the truth is, you couldn't care less about what happens to a bunch of anonymous brown people. I think most war-supporters who say "liberation" for Iraq don't actually give a shit about helping their people after the dust has settled and the bodies have to be picked up (do you care about Afganistan, now that the hype is over?).

And what do you mean by quick victory? Hiroshima was an instantaneous victory. It saved the lives of "our" soldiers, but my relatives can testify that it didn't save theirs. We live in a culture that glorifies war, not the bloody aftermath and the bitterness it creates.

I, too, wish for the safe return of all the troops out there, many of them younger than you or I. But I reject your view that a soldier's life is somehow more valuable than those people who he or she has just killed. So start listening already.

Jenny Uechi

Dirty money
I appreciate so much of what *the Martlet* accomplishes, but I'm a bit concerned about the consistency with which you've been accepting dirty money from the military.

The cover of the March 27 edition was a startling reminder of the horrors and bloodshed associated with war. On page eight was another (that's three in a row) full page ad promoting the employment plans of the Canadian Armed Forces.

Some may argue that the Canadian military is primarily involved in peacekeeping, but that's simply not true. Peacekeeping is about diplomacy and words, war is about conflict and weapons. It's not possible to promote peacekeeping while teaching people how to use weapons to kill and maim. As they say, killing for peace is like fucking for virginity.

Is it possible that *the Martlet* provide some consistency in their expression, please? Either your collective stance is against war, in which case you'll refuse to accept the blood money from the military, or your collective stance is for war, in which case the ad is consistent with your philosophy.

Janine Bandcroft

Ingmar's last stand
I had been trying to think of a way to respond to Dr. Nigel Livingston's recent letter to *The Ring*, in which he slags the efforts of tree-lovers trying to protect UVic's forests from development. I was surprised to see Dr. Livingston calling our efforts "absurd," especially after I met with him in January in his office, which overlooks the wreckage of the Cunningham Forest. As I recall, he expressed dismay over the destruction. He now describes the Cunningham Forest as 'having no biological value' and suggests that there are more important environmental battles that we should be involved with. I agree, and if anyone is interested, I would be happy to outline the environmental priorities as I see them, on a British Columbia scale. I will also explain what efforts I have been making on these priorities. I do believe that at the top of this agenda, must be an enormous institutional transformation, with environmental literacy being taught and practiced in our society's places of learning.

I was planning to write a letter explaining what we've come up against in our efforts at UVic, a year end letter summing up our experiences over the year, as students concerned for the world, the environment and the university's beautiful and priceless forests. I was struggling to describe the unbelievable obstacles that have been encountered in trying to accomplish some very basic, baby-step Green improvements.

Then out of the blue, Voila, the answer!

I've been absolutely spared the effort, as faculty senate member, Dr. Reg Mitchell's letter in the latest *Ring* (*reproduced below*), exemplifies in the bluntest terms, even to those who are still at the brink of awakening to the fact of the Earth's environmental catastrophe, the entrenched mindset we are up against.

Thanks, Reg. This says it all!

Cheers, Ingmar Lee

Well done, Nigel [Livingston]!

I likewise do not rule out cutting trees when we need to. In fact, I would rather see some nicely planted shrubs and beds of flowers or even lawn than some of the scrub around here which we call "woods."

When I first came to UVic in '72, the campus was a less beautiful place, though maybe it had more "woods." However, there weren't many trees in the centre. Most of the gentle hills and trees have been planted, and I for one like them better than the scrub round the edge.

I think the board is totally misguided to start putting buildings on lawn and parking lots. Parking is not going to go away. Not enough spots on campus only makes students annoyed and late for class, and residents irritated because streets then become lots. I would make traffic flow easier, not harder. Why not build an exit to Lot 1 off Cedar Hill Cross Road (the right of way is already there), then much of the traffic in lots A, B, and 1 would not have to make a lap of the Ring Road and dodge pedestrians to get out!

By the way, I trust the parking budget will be reimbursed for the cost of any spots that it has paid for when the lot gets built on. One of the reasons for increasing the cost of parking over the years has been to totally pay for the cost of putting in a parking spot. If a spot is stolen back, then that cost must be re-credited to the fund.

Dr. Reg Mitchell, Chemistry.

Personal Mapping

A meandering expedition to the Canadian South Pole

Story and photos by Zoë Bake-Paterson

"We shall not cease from exploration. And the end of all our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time." —T.S. Eliot, Little Gidding V.

When exploring, you need to take two things: your feet and a curious mind.

Supplies, food, extra clothes—these things can help and are sometimes necessary, but they are not mandatory. Compass and map, or these days a GIS—even these things are negotiable. It simply requires the desire to explore. The need to set out alone into unknown areas and discover, even if just for yourself, what this world is about. It is a rite of passage, the quest for knowledge and adventure. A.A. Milne writes of this in his story "In Which Christopher Robin Leads an Expotition to the North Pole: *"We are all going on an expedition," said Christopher Robin. "We are going to discover the North Pole."*

"Oh!" said Pooh again. "What is the North Pole?" he asked.

"It's just a thing you discover," said Christopher Robin carelessly.

Just a thing to discover, that is the true quest. Somewhere new, for it is said that real adventure is not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes.

I was 11 when I had my first taste of wandering. It was an expedition party of two—my 10-year-old cousin Rachel and I—that began as a beach walk. A mid-July morning on the shore of Lake Erie, it was a quiet day with an off-the-lake wind that guaranteed an afternoon of horseflies. Though I grew up on the West Coast, I've spent years summering in southern Ontario's cottage country. My grandparents' cottage, the Bake Sandcastle, rested five hours and 15 minutes from Toronto—at least that's the speed my grandpa Poppie took.

The cottage was 23 lots down from the gates of Point Pelee National Park, the smallest National Park and most southerly place in Canada. I had taken Junior Naturalists three times by then and knew everything about the park. There were three boardwalks, but only the big boardwalk was good for catching green frogs or sneaking onto muskrat trails that wove into the marsh weeds. I knew how to recognize lots of birds—more than 300 kinds at the park—and had seen two of the three kinds of swallows (the barn swallow and the purple martin). I had biked to the Interpretive Centre at the end of the triangular sandspit that made up the park. And even watched a monarch butterfly—with its famous orange and black markings—hatch from a cocoon. With 11 summers down, I considered myself a true local.

My cousin Rachel and I often walked the beach. We had scoured through everything within sight of the cottage: the soybean and onion fields stretching out across the road with red farms and horses, the cottages lining the beach, and even the front gates of the park we frequently clambered over. The most interesting things were the two dikes, irrigation drainage systems fed by the nearby farms. We knew that walking north led to the little dike and then to Leamington's marina and south led towards the big dike and the park. Our usual destination was the big willow tree—a good hour's walk—where our secret fort was built under the branches of the stooping greenery. A morning beach walk was part of our routine.

Beachcombing along Lake Erie in the 1980s was an entertaining treasure hunt. The pollution and over-fishing kept a steady supply of polished beach glass and fluorescent fishing lures washing up. Occasional fossils and cockle clam shells appeared as well. But the real search was for lucky stones—white and shaped like thumbnails, they had L's carved into their sides.

The other things that washed up frequently were dead fish. Lots of them.

Where cottages lined the beach, the fish were collected each morning and buried, but when the parkland began, corpses in varying stages of decay littered the sand. Carp were the most common—large chubby fish with wide orange-brown scales and barbels on their pursed lips. Bottom feeders. Carp were far more interesting than the slight silvery bass or lake trout that we caught from our row boat, the Good Ship Cantaloupe. Even the dull brown catfish with curved barbs only held us captive for so long. The carp—bubble-blowing frog-egg eaters—were a constant curiosity.

Reaching the tree that morning, with the flies beginning to chomp, Rachel and I kept moving. We didn't talk about it, just kept plodding on through the wet sand, stopping to snatch little treasures. Blue glass for me, fossils for her. It was a bold decision. I remember glancing back as we passed the big willow, the colourful blur of beach houses already gone from sight. Rachel suggested we go right to the point. Undaunted by the hazy green tip, probably eight kilometres away, and excited by the freedom of unsupervised time, we walked on.

There are times when common sense just doesn't work. Growing up it was a frequent problem for me—I was known for rash decisions and forgetfulness. A habit I still indulge in. Common sense is in the head and I would rather live by the gut. By instinct. Too many decisions are made responsibly as an adult, the best calculation for the best result. Whether feathered, finned or footed while we are young, the lack of knowledge and fear takes us boldly forth. We taste freedom through expeditions into new places.

By mid-day, we were tired and hot. With only our baggy T-shirts for protection over our swimsuits, we had marched over scorching sand for almost three hours. We rested at the first public beach in the park, Northwest. The still air was vicious with flies and we swam in the beach's notoriously shallow water with the softest sand—velvet sand, we called it. Listening to the calm lap-lap sound of the lake was bliss. We splashed wildly on the stretch of sandbar, ignoring the fact that to be caught swimming without adults was the most criminal thing we knew. Floating on my stomach, hands flat on the velvet sand, I remember feeling a sense of freedom that comes to me now only in the most private moments.

Back on our feet, Rachel and I practiced identifying plants and sounds, putting our Junior Naturalist skills to work. A cricket, a hissing fox snake; I was better at sounds than trying to figure out the tangle of jungle-like Carolinian forest. That was the summer we both wanted to grow up to be Park Wardens.

It was 10 kilometres from the gates to the Interpretive Centre, another two to the Tip—the most southern tip of Canada. Jutting out into the lake, the Tip was the congregating spot for migrating birds and monarch butterflies, the sacred place of the park.

Reaching the last series of beaches—White Pine, Black Willow, West Beach—we gave up. Well into the afternoon, very sunburnt, we found a payphone in the parking lot and collect-called home.

The need for sustenance conquered our desire to reach the "South Pole" of Canada. We were exhausted. Five hours after departing, our call was not well received. Or rather, was received with relief that we were "found," but with exasperation at our expedition. After a round of remorse and sniffling on our part, peace was made and an adult departed to pick us up at the beach.

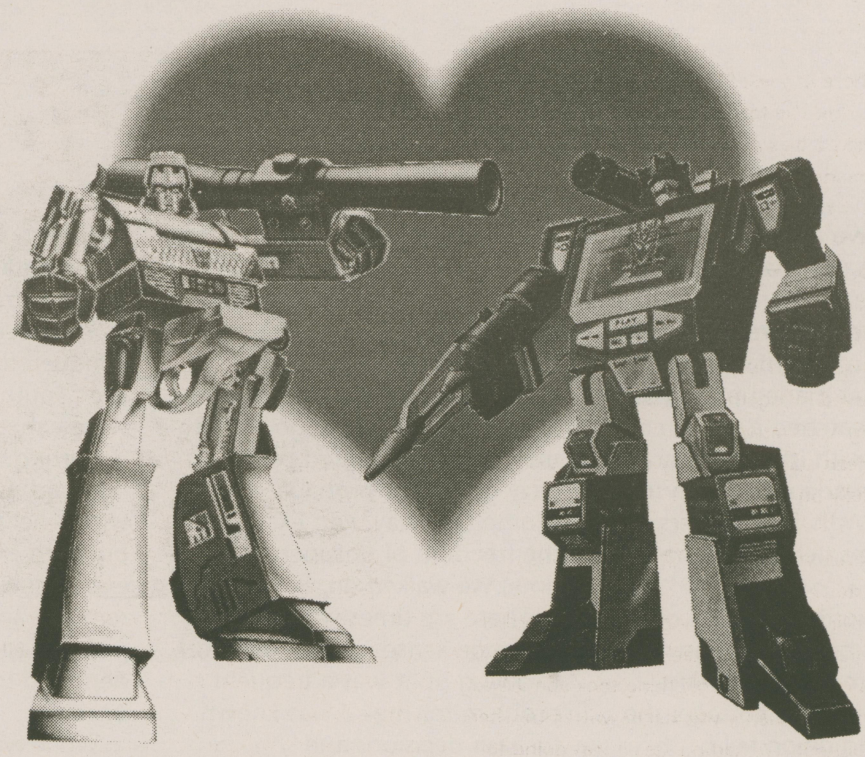
While waiting, we became distracted by a particularly large carp fish washed up on the shore. Bigger than my thigh, it lay bloated and decaying right near the water. Chasing away the seagulls surrounding the carcass, we approached with fascination. A fresh wash-up was rare, one with its eyes still in was even rarer (the eyes are the first to go when the birds arrive to feed). Armed with a willow twig we prodded at bronze scales, flaked a few onto the sand where they sparkled half-translucent. We moved on to the half-pecked eye. Two young girls robbing the respectful afternoon silence, provoking seagulls to shriek overhead as if we were more vicious than even they were. In our last moments of freedom, we discovered the secret of where lucky stones come from and why so many are identical. They are the cartilage in the eyes of fish. Polished white stones with carved L's that I coveted, would pile into glass jars with water so that they would glint in the light. A soft moonshine white. From fish eyes!

I felt like a child in an absurd Shel Silverstein poem from his book, *Where the Sidewalk Ends*, in which strange children discover wacky things. The idea of fish eyes producing lucky stones felt unreal. The smallest National Park, the most familiar beach, and still a discovery was made in the midst of exploration.

I haven't been back to Lake Erie in many years. Grandparents died, cousins grew up, and the cottage was sold in 1996. Years later, I know now how industrial waste has polluted the water in Lake Erie—the Cuyahoga River caught fire in 1969 because it was so polluted. Newspapers report on how the great freshwater lakes are slowly drying up, dying out, are in a general state of disrepair, and friends laugh in surprise to learn that I swam there constantly. Thinking back to Lake Erie, to a summer morning, an empty beach—this memory is all I need.

Rodimus Maximus! The wacky world of fan fiction

by Jeffrey Weston



"Rodimus laughed out loud, soon joined by Rodania as they leaned against each other, his interface nestled snugly between her legs, filling her completely even when limp. It wasn't long before both of them settled down and slipped into recharge, dreaming of each other and what the future held..."

"Megatron grabbed Soundwave's waist and thrust him against the wall. Soundwave forcefully pushed Megatron back down onto the bed and held him down. Megatron smiled and let him take the lead..."

Oh, hello! Just reading some Erotic Tranformers Fan Fiction.

Yes, that's right. Thanks to the genius of the Internet, one can find just about anything one can fantasize about. Fan fiction is a medium that perhaps benefited most from the Internet. Because in order to be "published," all one has to do is write a story and click a button.

Fan fiction, the art of taking another author's characters and settings and providing your own plot, can be traced back to Lewis Carroll and Jane Austen. However, the seminal fan fiction event was *Spockanalia,* the first *Star Trek* zine, published in 1967. *Star Trek* fan fiction is perhaps the most abundant fan fiction sub-genre out there. And it's not limited to just continuing the adventures of Starfleet. *Star Wars* fan fiction is also plentiful—not only in the form of stories, but also short films. Many popular series, including T.V. shows, movies, or books, have strong fan fiction followings. *Babylon 5*, *Highlander*, and *Lord of the Rings* are just a few prime examples of fan fiction fodder.

An interesting fan fiction history started in 1972, when *Grup* was published. The first adult *Star Trek* adult fan zine, *Grup* featured a close encouter between a certain Star Ship Captain and his pointy-eared science officer. This was perhaps the first big instance of "Slash" fan fiction, which are stories involving same-sex encounters.

And the Internet isn't shy about this stuff. You name the characters and someone has written about them getting it on. Whether it's T.V. shows (*Buffy the Vampire Slayer* or *Due South*), movies (*Lawrence of Arabia)*, books (*Lord of the Rings*), music groups (Backstreet Boys or Areosmith), or cartoons (*G.I. Joe* and umm... *The Transformers*), it's out there, ready to be read and, er, enjoyed.

Most of these writings would not be available without the Internet. Few "real" publishers would be likely to publish a story detailing a sexual encounter between the members of KISS and Aerosmith, or a fake *Golden Girls* episode (complete with a slew of substandard amateur zingers).

But the Internet serves to overcome such troublesome obstacles. It connects whomever to whatever. So no matter what you "publish," there will be an eager audience out there somewhere.

Now if you'll excuse me...

"They immediately felt the energon take effect, enhancing their sexual pleasure. It wasn't often Soundwave gave in to his feelings, but now was one of the times he did, wholeheartedly without regrets..."

Jeffrey Weston is the graphics editor of the Martlet, *where his is known to co-workers as "Rodimus Prime.".*

More Fan Fiction

The Drew Carey Show (Erotica)
Oswald pushed himself away from the doorframe and strolled towards Lewis, his hips rocking back and forth in accompaniment to the music. Lewis licked his lips and felt his groin tighten in response to the erotic movements of Oswald's body, and his eyes naturally fell on the bulge at the front of his friend's pants.
http://www.bixiecup.com/tricksandtreats.html

G.I. Joe (Erotica)
Lady Jaye was now breathing heavily, as the Baroness leaned in and put her hands on the back of the chair, just behind Lady Jaye's shoulders. Lady Jaye couldn't believe it when the Baroness lifted one leg up slightly, then straddled Lady Jaye's lap before sitting there.
http://www.superstories.net/sportsman/gijstor/gijsm002.html

Alf from *Alf*, meets Steve Urkel from *Family Matters*...
"ok lets go to my home planet now Urkel!!!" Alf said. Urkel said "No sweat, my pet!" and everyone laughed and so did Alf and then Urkel laughed too and everyone laughed including Alf and Urkel. then they got in the spaceship. alf said "okay my home planet of Alfralfia is at space vector z cordinate y4." Urkel said "okay" and everyone laughed."
http://www.fanfiction.net/read.php?storyid=1134604

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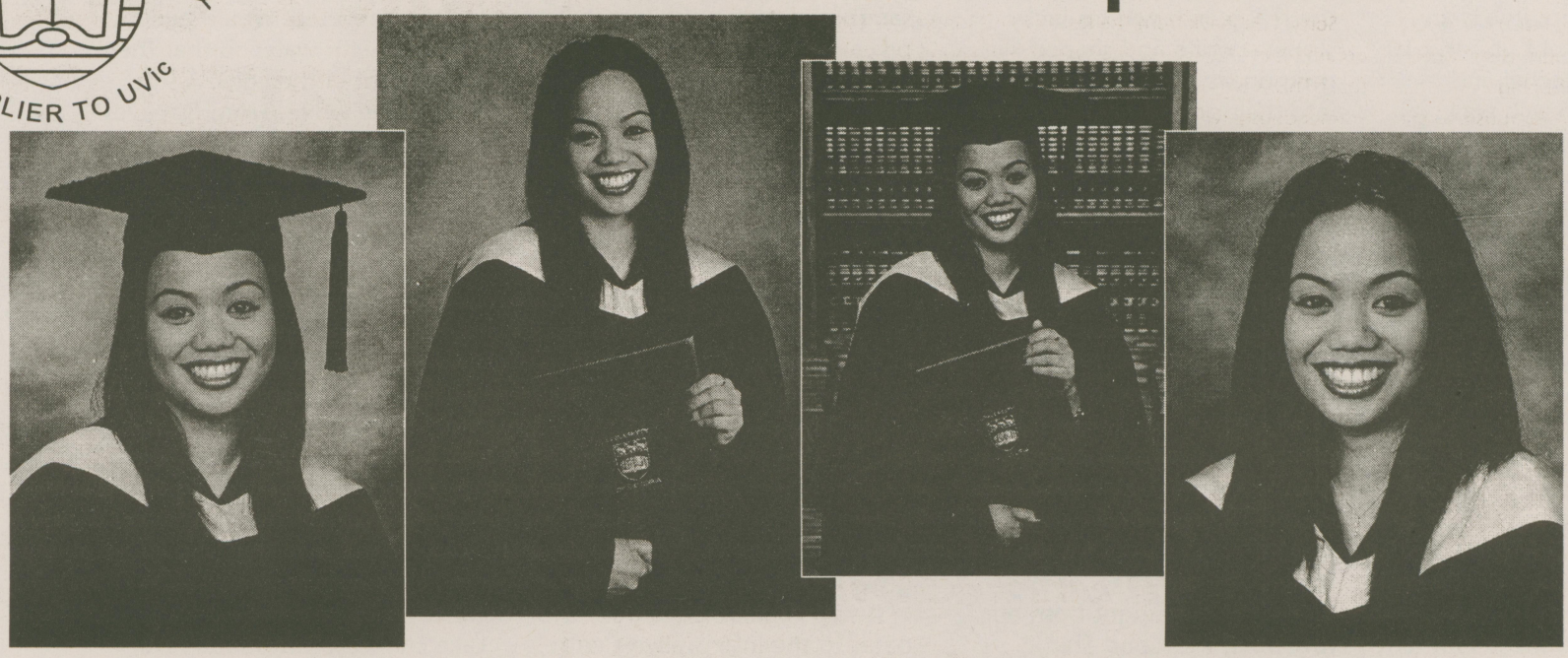

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The Black Heart Procession: not so sad anymore

by Sarah Petrescu

It started like a bad date.
I called Tobias Nathaniel of the Black Heart Procession on his cell in the tour van, rolling out of San Francisco after a late breakfast.

Hey. This is Sarah from *the Martlet* in Victoria. Can I ask you a few questions?
Nathaniel: (long pause) Um, yeah. My phone might die... but whatever.

Burned.
I knew interviewing one of the most notoriously somber rock groups would be difficult. The San Diego band, formed in 1997 from Three Mile Pilot members Nathaniel and Pall Jenkins, has been described as "lonesome abandoned children of some lost Faulkner novel."
Nathaniel initially seemed distracted when I spoke to him, fluctuating between talking to me and other random people.

Are you double interviewing or what?
Nathaniel: Sorry... Pall's going to do one too, but he's currently in the driver's seat.
We're just trying to get out of here to make it up to Portland to see Pinback—they are friends of ours from San Diego.

We know who Pinback is. They are comprised of the other members of the in-limbo Three Mile Pilot (among other various rock groups, such as Thingy and Heavy Vegetable). But, we want to know about the Black Heart Procession.
It was time to rope Nathaniel in.

So, Tobias. I had a hard time finding info on your band. I'm going to read you this bio of your band that was written in Italian and then instantly Web-translated into English. It didn't turn out too well, so can you translate it for me?
Nathaniel: Yeah, sure (laughs). I can try.

Okay, here it goes: "The singing Pall TO. Jenkins and the tastierista Tobias Nathaniel take themselves a pause from the group rock californiano, and after some nights passed together to drown the actual sentimental misfortunes in the wine and in the smoke, give life to a handful of songs."
Nathaniel: That's so poetic. That's just kind of saying that Pall and I were both in a band called Three Mile Pilot that we both took a break from and moved in together and started drinking and smoking and writing music together. That's how Black Heart started, but they say it so much more beautifully on that site.

What took you towards The Black Heart Procession?
Nathaniel: We were working on music together and in just a couple of weeks had enough songs to do a record. The whole thing took about two months from when it was being written to when it was put out. We had no idea it was going to happen.

Are you a sad music band?
Nathaniel: I think our new record is pretty happy. The first couple records have a theme that was kind of broken hearted, especially our first one. After awhile you just don't want to be down all the time. It's cool and therapeutic and all to play sad music—after a while it just starts to bring you down.

How did you end up with the murder-mystery concept behind your latest album, *Amore Del Tropico?*
Nathaniel: We didn't start with the idea of a concept record. When we were in the process of making it we thought it would be cool to make the record an old noir pulp.

And now, the interview digression of pointless information, involving a man with a horse's head who appears sporadically in the band's shows and album covers.

photo submitted

Il Black Heart Procession e molto bello e felice.

Who's the horsehead?
Nathaniel: (laughs) It's someone different everytime. It's never the same person beneath the horsehead mask.

Is there a mystery behind the horsehead?
Nathaniel: Yeah it's kind of a secret mystery.

Can you share?
Nathaniel: Um, no. I can tell you in Victoria.

Will the horsehead man be there?
Nathaniel: Yes, he will. He sometimes shows up and plays random instruments.

Any nasty incidents involving the horsehead and concerts? Anyone wanna fight the horsehead?
Nathaniel: Yeah, actually. We had a guy show up in another horsehead mask and try to pull our horsehead. He was like "Hey I wanna fight your horsehead guy." And we were like, "Hey, our horsehead guy doesn't fight. He's just another broken-hearted guy."

Anybody ever try to ride him?
Nathaniel: No, (laughs) not that I've seen. He is a mystery so I don't know what's been done before.

An interview that started with some awkward silences ended with laughs and a good bullshit. Nathaniel even said he had fun. We don't want him having too much fun, though. Fans of The Black Heart Procession will still be craving that dark edge.

Check out The Black Heart Procession at Lucky April 10.

Alexis O'Hara and the two-thousand-yard stare

by Jeff Andrew & Zoë Bake-Paterson

Zoë: It's 2 a.m.—late, but by exam time standards, the night is still ripe with the possibility of being productive. Searching for music to stir up some energy, I pop out an Alexis O'Hara CD passed along to me by a friend. *In Abulia.*

There is a quiet pause, and I double check to make sure it is actually playing when trippy dark beats mixed with French lyrics drift out. It's incredibly kooky shit.

With such song titles as "Down With the Man" and "Gastown Blues" I expect Riot Grrrl / Ani DiFranco style—folky guitar twang with kick-ass lyrics, but with a Montreal influence. I was not expecting intense industrial crooning. O'Hara's all about the poetic lyrics with an electronic drum beat. I am wowed. I am perplexed. I am also very tired. This music makes me feel delirious. It's all rather surreal in the basement of the SUB sometime before dawn. "I had no money and no clothes, no prospects I suppose these are standard issue problems for kidnappees, and nightmare and reality too."

Jeff: Zoë, get some fucking sleep. You're getting the two-thousand-yard stare.

This shit *is* kooky. Sounds like Portishead at first.Oh, but now it's getting good. Swooshy panning sound-effects, kind of Hendrixy, sparse clunky piano striking chords, that oh-so-smooth French croon—this is very Montreal. Futuristic and sensual, laid-back and intense. Maybe even euphoric.

Yah! Godspeed You Black Emperor!

Sorry. Flashback from the last dream I had—how long ago was that? This is why I love Quebec. Tremendously twisted music. Must be something in the maple syrup.

"Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!" This is end-of-the-world music. Voices from all directions, disjointed messages and melodies and noises all clashing, rocking, mixing together. It's shifting now. Try song six—"escape hatch." It does sound like Ani. Spoken word and harmonica over an easy drumbeat, bits of Tom Waits-sounding accordion fleshing it out. Kind of spooky, actually.

This is really fucking good.

Alexis O'Hara will be performing at Second Story Books on April 12.

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Ben Harper: Kind of like a floor joist, only different

by Jeff Andrew

Ben Harper
Diamonds On The Inside
Virgin Records

Alright, so… This is a pretty good album. Weak in the middle, but strong at either end. Kind of like a floor joist.

What? I know, I know, it's the worst simile I've ever made. Well, I'm sorry. This isn't a good week. I blew everything I had on the *Einstein and Buddha* review I wrote last night. Four hours sleep… fuck. I still have to write two papers today.

But back to Ben Harper. For those who were disappointed by his last album, don't worry: this one's more "Please Bleed" than "Steal My Kisses." Although the bouncy rhythm and sunshiney splashes of organ on "Everything" ("You mean everything…everything to me") bring it pretty close.

Which is fine with me, 'cause, to be honest, I kind of really like "Steal My Kisses." Three chords, good heartbreak lyrics, funky bassline… I never understood what the problem was.

And speaking of bass, the most consistently strong element on this album is Juan Nelson. Harper's master of low-end (he even looks like a bass player—love that guy) rocks a deep, powerful groove here, adding loads of authenticity to Harper's solid but derivative attempts at reggae ("With My Own Two Hands") and heavy, George Clinton-style funk (the creatively titled "Bring The Funk").

Lyric-wise, it's not his best effort. Then again, this review is one my saddest efforts, so I won't complain. There is a lot of good stuff here. While there's nothing as heartachingly brilliant as "Another Lonely Day" (I'm all about the heartbreak—that one ties with Jeff Buckley's "Last Goodbye" for best breakup song of the last decade), "Amen Omen" had me misting up at the edges. And anyone who knows me knows I'm a sucker for songs like "Temporary Remedy," which opens with the line: "I killed a snake with a bible/I was living a Johnny Cash song."

The album also features something I've been waiting for since the first time I heard "Ground On Down"—Ben Harper (say it with me now) Ben Harper rocking the fuck out. He's never played like this on a studio album before. On "Temporary Remedy" and "So High So Low" he borrows guitar tricks from Tom Morello and Eddie Van Halen, lets loose ear-piercing, bark-at-the-moon shrieks and flies over heavy basslines and clanging cowbell-and-snare drum beats with his own smooth, screaming slide licks.

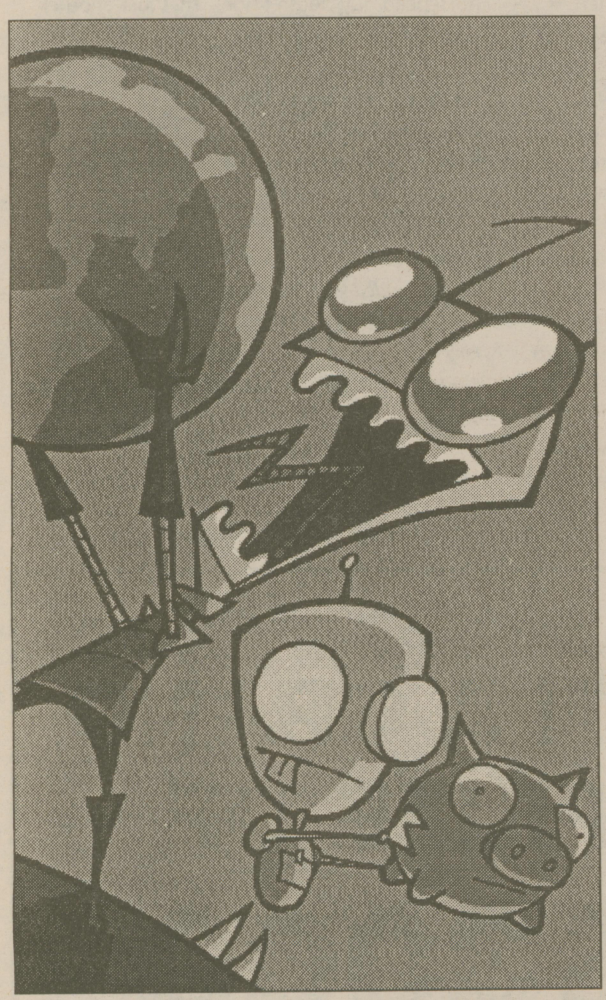
There's about three tons of guitar on this album. His acoustic playing is tasty and delicious—he's at his best when he's just being simple Ben Harper, on "Amen Omen" and "Blessed To Be A Witness."

Now that I think about it, I really like this album. A lot. I was excited about it when it came, and after a couple weeks of heavy rotation in the office, I'm still not played out on it. It's a hell of a lot better than most of the crap sent here.

Okay, Robin says he's going to get beer. But it's barely past noon—ah, whatever. Why not, eh? It's the Ultimate Issue. How many times a year can you say that?

I'm about done here. Enjoy your summer.

Invaders from planet Westoon



by Jeffrey Weston

One of my favorite episodes of *Invader ZIM* is called "Attack of the Saucer Morons." It begins when Invader ZIM's spaceship, the Voot Runner, crashes to the ground after it flies into a bee, just before being impacted by a barrage of weenies.

Who is ZIM? Merely a delusional alien invader from a race of alien invaders who thinks he's on a mission to conquer Earth for the Irkin Empire, with the help of an insane robot sidekick, GIR.

After his spaceship crashes, ZIM hides it in a forest (little realizing that an Alien Convention is being held in that very place—uh-oh!) and runs back to his house (secret Earth base) to get the "Voot Carrier" to pick up his flaming wreckage. He then disguises the Voot Carrier as a giant floating pig in order to avoid detection.

Invader ZIM is full of random comedy like this. Its humour is silly and wacky, satirical and dark. The show comes from the comic artist Jhonen Vasquez, who created such comics as "Johnny The Homicidal Maniac," "I Feel Sick" and "Squee."

Why the U.S. network Nickelodeon decided to make two seasons of the show is beyond my comprehension. It didn't score with Nick's demographic of under-10-year-olds, but the show is getting a strong following on the Internet. Its episodes are easier to download than *the Simpsons*.

Everybody, to the limit!

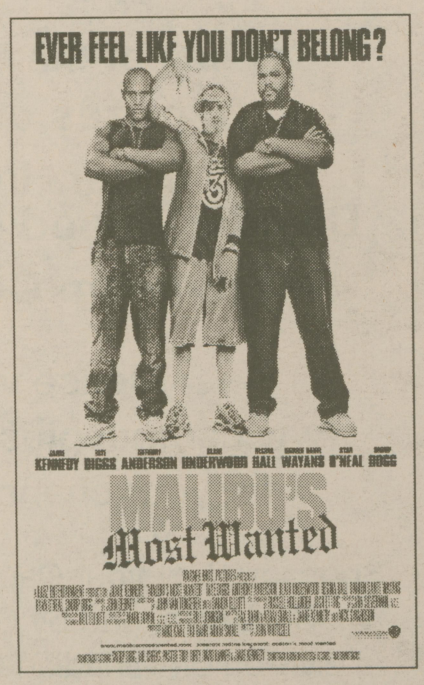
With any Joe Schmoe being able to "publish" work on the Web, it's hard to find good quality "professional" entertainment. Which is why the adventures of Homestar Runner, Strong Bad, Pom Pom, the Cheet and others at www.homestarrunner.com came as such a surprise.

The site offers funny animated shorts, cheesy (but fun) video games, and a weekly spot called Strong Bad e-mail--where people write e-mail to the "Mexican Wrestler" character Strong Bad and he responds on his CompuTron computer.

The Web site is all done in Flash, a very common web animation tool. The site's humour is for all ages. You won't find any raunchy sex humour, shock for shock value, or bad taste. The all-ages humour gets a following of mostly 20-to-30-year-olds. A lot of it references are to 1980s pop culture and other Gen X material.

The popularity of *Invader ZIM* and homestarrunner.com is growing by the day, proving that Web media is just as competitive as television.

Free Tickets



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Silvercity Tillicum
7:00pm

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Opens in theatres Friday, April 18th

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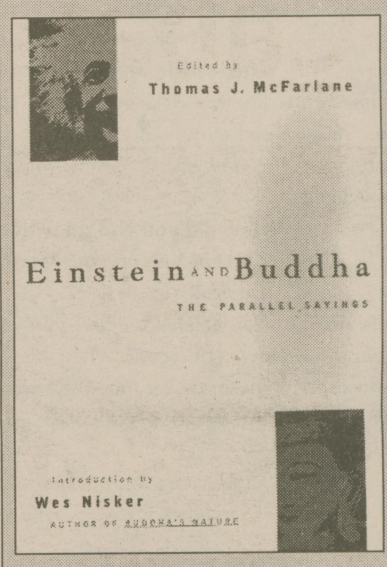

by Jeff Andrew

Einstein and Buddha - The Parallel Sayings
Edited by Thomas J. McFarlane
Ulysses Press

Oh, Einstein and Buddha. Here's to those great pillars of wisdom, the fruit of two cultures' knowledge reaching aross time to find a common ground. Eastern mysticism and western science, together at last. Like Fernwood and Ben Isitt.

Edited by Thomas J. McFarlane, *Einstein and Buddha - The Parallel Sayings* is a compilation of quotes and bits of knowledge from both sides of the classic science/religion divide. The idea is to highlight the similarities, the points where the two philosophies come together. The book draws from far more than just Einstein and Buddha. There are dozens of thought-stars represented here, from physicists like Niels Bohr and David Bohm to Taoist and Buddhist sages like Chuang Tzu, the Dalai Lama and D.T. Suzuki (note: different Suzuki, not the rainforest guy).

Reading it makes for a good mindtrip, like being backstage at a three-day outdoor festival on the great mountain-top in the sky. Picture this scene:

Einstein (smoking hash pipe, absent-mindledly rapping on a djembe): "The true value of a human being is determined primarily by the measure and the sense in which he has attained to liberation from the self."

Chuang Tzu (sitting crosslegged on an amp case, a 'Rock For Reality' button pinned to his ancient robes): "The Perfect Man has no self."

Scratch your chin on that for a while. The point is that it really isn't a divide, that humanity's great thinkers started from different places and times, and used different approaches, but ultimately arrived at the same understanding. The study of quantum physics and the practise of meditation both lead one to a point where nothing makes sense, where all previously understood notions of reality must be re-examined, and in many cases discarded.

As Niels Bohr says: "Those who are not shocked when they come across quantum theory cannot possibly have understood it."

Einstein And Buddha is a primer, a solid overview of varying and incredibly complex theories. While there are no real jaw-droppers, no stand-alone, stunning insights into the true nature of the universe or the meaning of life, it's a good place to begin a serious study of these questions.

Of course, the book doesn't offer any easy answers. Which is kind of the point—deconstructing the fabric of reality isn't something you just do over the weekend. The most powerful minds in history have devoted thousands of years of thought to this stuff, and all they've really determined is that, well, we have a long way to go.

And so we close, back on the mountain-top. Rumi and Allen Ginsberg have just finished a joint poetry reading; John Lennon, Billie Holiday and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan are warming up backstage. Einstein takes a toke and passes the pipe to Chuang Tzu.

Einstein (holding his breath, coughing a little as the smoke curls around his lips): "Physical concepts are free creations of the human mind, and are not, however it may seem, uniquely determined by the external world."

Chuang Tzu (breathes in, tilts his head back, exhales deeply): "Forget distinctions. Leap into the boundless and make it your home!"

Students run amok at Grad Visual Art Show

by Briony Smith

Every year, UVic visual arts students graduating from the honours program have the chance to display their work in an art show. The biggest and most exciting student art show that the University of Victoria has seen in a long time is soon to take place.

This year's show includes a variety of mediums, ranging from the traditional genres to a more modern and technology-friendly assortment of media. The entire Visual Arts Building will be full of art—painting, photography, sculpture, digital media, print-making, and even performance art. The work of 18 honours students will be presented in the show, along with many other graduating visual arts students.

The show is different in more ways than one, says Tyrone Castelanelli, president of the Visual Arts Student Association (VASA). He says that in the past, the art show at the end of the year was primarily a showcase for students graduating from the honours program and that students graduating with a standard visual arts degree were only invited to show their work in the show if there were spaces left over. Castelanelli is eager to note that this year marks a more collaborative effort, as non-honours students were welcome to show their art equally alongside the honours students. This coming together makes this year's grad art show the biggest ever, with 52 students' work being shown.

Castelanelli says that the public and students will be pleased with the art show, as UVic is always an exciting part of the art community. "UVic's art department has a contemporary conceptual feel," he says. "While Camosun and Victoria College of the Arts are more focused on the technical aspects [of art], UVic has always been connected to the contemporary art world and it's important to bring [visual art] students up-to-date on that."

UVic's visual arts students have spent several years of their life perfecting their craft, in an effort to join the contemporary art world. This art show will be a symbolic ending to their student careers here at UVic and perhaps a beginning to their careers in the so-called real world. "It provides students with a good conclusion to their years [here]. It allows students to see what sort of direction and streamline their art is going in," says Castenelli. Being in a large art show is also valuable experience for the budding artist, he adds.

Karen Messer, a visual arts student graduating this year, will have three paintings in the grad art show. She echoes Castelanelli's sentiments. "It's wonderful to have the opportunity to hang your work at a large-scale show and have people view the culmination of everything you've worked towards." She, too, enjoys the collaborative aspect of the show that every graduating visual arts student has the opportunity to be a part of. "It's a chance to see how everyone has evolved over the years." This feeling of closure is closely tied to another feeling that is common to all students graduating this year. "It will be a celebration," said Messer.

The UVic graduating art show is on from April 17-30 at the Visual Arts Building. A grand opening reception will be held in the same venue April 24 at 7 p.m. with music and antics galore. The show and reception are open to the public and admission is free.

With One Breath You Can Change a Whole Field by Cornelia Hernes

Son De Cuba: Enticing hips to swing and feet to move

phot by Sarah Petrescu

"Does anybody remember laughter?" Son De Cuba kick out another hip-enticing number.

by Patrick White

Now that the praise and fanfare lavished on Cuban music following the 1998 documentary Buena Vista Social Club has lost its novelty, you might think that its presence in our small city would have disappeared. You would be mistaken.

One local Cuban band is thriving, despite a cooling overall interest in their music. They are Son De Cuba and they bring together the unlikely combination of three Cubans and a UVic student from Sechelt.

Son De Cuba have been packing the house every Saturday night for free shows at the Foxtail Lounge. They have also played in several festivals, including the inaugural Luminara Festival in Victoria, the Latin-Caribbean Festival, and the Victoria Folk Fest.

It seems many Victorians have taken to the music of Son de Cuba so much that many have even learned the complex dance steps that play such a big accompanying role. "The dancing is such an important part," says keyboardist and UVic music major Peter Jones. "It's a dance culture and there's so much skill to it. The way they move their hips is so rhythmical."

Despite their popularity, Son de Cuba suffer from a lack of performance spaces. "There's lots of people who like salsa in Victoria, but there's not many salsa venues aside from the Café Merengue and the Foxtail," says Jones.

The three Cuban musicians—Armando Alvarez, Leon Torres and Javier Alonso—are all graduates from Escuela Nacional de Música in Cuba. Each member had previously worked with several bands in Havana, but it was with the 12-piece Fiebre Latina in the early '90s that they first worked together and toured North America. Eight years later, all three settled in Victoria and started Son De Cuba.

The group plays mainly son, or salsa, style Cuban music, but also branches out to cha-cha, pilon, conga, guajira, samba, merengue and cumbia.

Son is the essence and root of a tradition which assimilates Spanish, African and Caribbean elements. It combines circular rhythmic patterns and repetition of a refrain, and is well-suited to dancing. Many major record labels had made Cuban music famous (up until the revolution in 1959) marketing it as "Salsa." But it is "Son" that is the origin.

Though Alvarez admits that Buena Vista Social Club brought international attention to Cuban music, he said, "It's not the real Cuban music. There's lots of bands better than Buena Vista Social Club.

Alvarez says Son De Cuba intends to record an album, "But not for another year. We're not ready yet."

Before joining Son De Cuba, Peter Jones played mainly jazz and classical music. The classical helped his technique and the jazz taught him to improvise, but nothing prepared him for the complexities of Cuban music. "I'm still catching on after a year with the group," says Jones. "You have to be very skillful to play it."

Jones' experience in Son De Cuba has piqued his interest in the country. He will be travelling to Cuba for six months starting in May. "The country is stricken by poverty, but it has such a unique and distinct culture. I can't wait."

Son De Cuba have brought a taste of that distinct culture to Victoria and it is quickly catching on. The group, which already has a strong following, will only continue to entice hips to swing and feet to move as word about them spreads.

Move to Son De Cuba every Saturday night at the Foxtail Lounge at 9 p.m. No cover.

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The Mysterious Mr. Ihara

UVic's modest champion pentathlete

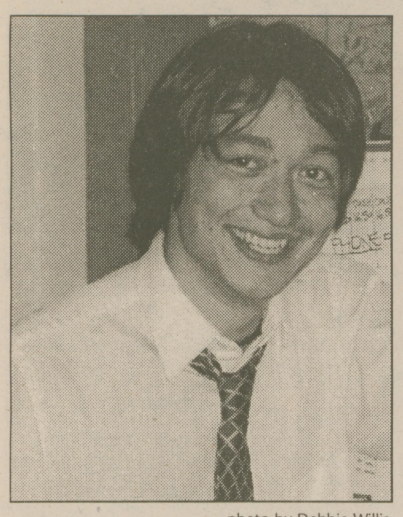


photo by Debbie Willis

by Debbie Willis

Toshiro Ihara is covered neck-to-foot in a suit of white ballistic nylon. He wears a metal mask, and wields a sword. The flicks of his gloved wrist control a thin epée and guide the rest of his body. He glides and darts toward his opponent, or ducks or jumps away. As expected, Ihara wins the match.

When he peels off the metal-mesh mask, Ihara is smiling, but doesn't say much as he walks off the floor. For him, this is routine. Every Thursday, the metal of his epée cracks against the metal of an opponent's as they chase each other up and down the Esquimalt Recreation Centre floor.

But Ihara is not just any member of the Centre's epée club. For the past two years, he has set a national record in fencing, swimming, running, shooting, and horseback riding. He is Canada's national open Pentathlon champion.

Ihara arrived on time at Finnerty's café for our interview. He dropped his skateboard under the table, sat with his hands in his lap, and sipped black tea. Outside of his fencing suit, it is easy to forget that this 22-year-old Olympic hopeful placed seventh in the Pan American Games last year in Brazil.

This is Ihara's first interview: he smiled shyly and admitted to being nervous. The way he leaned back in the metal chair, posture slightly slouched, showed his reluctance to talk.

"He doesn't stand out; he doesn't brag," said Ihara's roommate Ross Harrhy. "To him Pentathlon is not something you tell people about."

In fact, Harrhy didn't even know that his roommate was slated to attend the North American Cup on January 20 until the day before Ihara's departure for San Diego.

"This casual timidity is something he brings with him to competitions," said Ian Soellner, who coached Ihara between 1996 and 2000.

"He's a quiet guy to begin with, but when it's crunch time he becomes even more quiet," said Soellner, who added that Ihara trains mostly on his own.

"It's more something I'm doing for myself," Ihara said when asked why he never shows off. "And I'm not a big talker anyway."

Maybe he is just too busy for idle words. Besides the 20 hours a week Ihara should (but doesn't always) train for Pentathlon, he finds time to skateboard, surf, take a math and an earth and ocean science class, work at Thrifty Foods, play electric guitar, and indulge in his favorite artistic medium, spray painting. Even this interview is couched between his morning classes and his afternoon shift at Thrifty's.

"I don't find myself sitting around ever," Ihara said, then indicated his eternal calm with a shrug. "So I'm always too tired to get stressed out."

It is easy to get the sense that though Ihara is the best Pentathlete in Canada, the sport is only one of his passions. Soellner calls Ihara (who broke Soellner's own top record) "well-rounded," and Harrhy describes him as "indecisive."

"There's always things pulling me in different ways. I really like visual arts and music, and I can't forget about my professional surfing career," Ihara joked.

"Toshi has a lot of interests, so it's difficult for him to focus on anything," said Ihara's father Bruce. "Pentathlon could be like a full-time job, but Toshi tries to do a lot of things part-time."

Of course, for someone as "indecisive" as Ihara, Pentathlon is a perfect fit. He explains that the sport was invented to embody stamina, strength, and speed. Perhaps this is why Ihara has competed in the U.S., Mexico, England, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, Turkey, Egypt, Bulgaria and the Dominican Republic.

"He's one of the most talented athletes I've ever worked with," said Soellner. "He has the ability to be a world champ. If that's what he wants."

According to Ihara, he does want to take on the world, especially the Olympics.

"Pentathlon is about seeing what you're capable of, finding your limits," said Ihara. "I haven't found mine yet, so I'll keep going."

But if the sport is only one of his passions, what is Ihara best at? Ihara shrugs his shoulders, but his roommates have an answer: "Being mysterious."

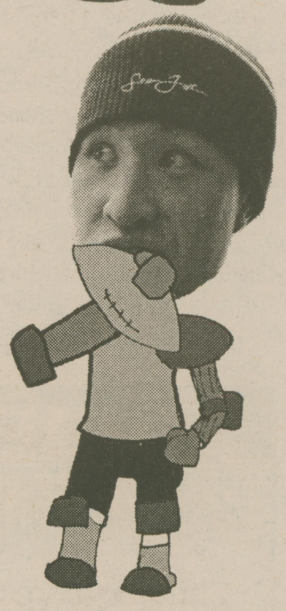
photos by Natalie Condrashoff

"I think we'd better get indoors," Ben said to Luke. "The Sandpeople are easily startled, but they will soon be back and in greater numbers." (On the other hand, these could be Kendo students practicing their art.)

Unsung Heroes

Iain McLetchie

Jenn Bowles



Luke Lin

Dave Breitman

Natalie Condrashoff

Rich Cole

Ruth and Mark would like to thank everyone who contributed to the sports section in 2002/03.

Farewell!

It's been a great year, and may all your summer dreams and wishes come true.

With love,

The Martlet

Question: What do these dates have in common?

May 15
June 19
July 17
August 21

Answer: They are the days we will be putting out our super-cool summer issues!

More than just net

Jesika Breitenfeld talks about her struggles on and off the court

by Tom Grainger

photo provided

Jesika Breitenfeld (left) hanging out with fellow basketball team member Jennifer Anderberg.

The Vikes basketball team recently had the thrill of a lifetime winning the CIS national championship. But for Jesika Breitenfeld of Wasaga Beach, Ontario, the sweet taste of victory went beyond the winning score on the scoreboard, as she faced more battles off the court than on.

Jesika was not a star on the team. She rarely got any playing time. Jesika's road to the championship included struggles with personal demons inside of herself, in a constant battle to not only show her team, her coaches, and the fans that she could play, but also to prove to herself that she belonged. That's why the national title meant so much more.

Winning the CIS championship convinced her, after a season spent questioning whether or not it was all worthwhile, that it was—beyond a shadow of a doubt. While others had to outscore, outshoot, and out-rebound the other team each night, Jesika's job was different. Jesika is what people in the business refer to as the "role player" on the team. The job description includes practicing with the team for two hours each day, preparing for each game like any other player, and then maybe playing two or three minutes...if you are lucky.

"I dealt with issues of feeling like crap and not thinking inside that I was good enough... At times I really hated the sport," she said.

She credits her ability to get through those emotional tough times, in large part, to the relationship she has with her head coach Brian Cheng, who was the one who had to make the tough decision not to allow Jesika to play in many situations.

"(Brian's) a great coach. We had meetings and I understood what my job was going to be from day one. It's difficult just sitting there the whole time, having to keep myself ready, knowing I might be needed at any second," she said.

Cheng was quick to deflect back any credit for Jesika's ability to battle throughout the season. "She came in and conducted herself like a consummate professional. She made sure she always understood that the sky was the limit for her if she continued to improve." At the same time he also made sure she understood, at the current time, what her job was on the team.

As the season began, even though things weren't going so well out on the court, Jesika relished the opportunity to develop great friendships with her teammates. Dani Everett and Jania Mynott made her feel welcome on the team.

The Vikes found out about Jesika through a prospect ranking service done by a writer for the newspaper in Markham, Ontario. Cheng and the rest of the coaching staff felt that Jesika was someone they wanted on the roster. Having never met face-to-face, Cheng tried to convince her to make the move across Canada to don the blue and gold jersey.

Ultimately though, it was her friends in Ontario who gave Jesika the big push to head west. Throughout the season, her main goal was to prove that she belonged here, not only for her friends supporting her back home, but also for herself so that she knows inside that leaving her friends and family behind back in Ontario was the right decision.

At the nationals in Hamilton, in front of friends and family, Jesika got some game action during the semi-finals when the Vikes had a commanding lead over Laval. When she got onto the court, like other times during the season, one thing was on her mind. "I just wanted to show people I could play. I know inside that I can play and I don't lack confidence in that way, I just lack confidence in what my coaches think of (my ability) and I always have to be out to prove myself."

That said, she knows her coaches made the right decisions this season even if it meant she had to take a back seat to the other players.

"I realized I can play with them and compete with them, but in critical situations, the other players have as many as three more years experience than I do...They know what to do out there in all different situations."

While the successes in Jesika's season can't be measured by looking at the stats sheet, her personal development, on and off the court, over the past nine months, leads her to believe her year at university wasn't anything less than successful. She knows she has come a long way from the girl who showed up for the first time in Victoria last August. Throughout all the hardships, she says, she never thought about turning her back on UVic and heading home.

"I was thinking after we won the title, do I really love being here? But in looking back, I thought, I must love it. Otherwise I wouldn't still be standing here today with a smile on my face. You must love it if you've made it this far."

The coaching staff has yet to meet and discuss plans for next year, but by the nature of Jesika's position, she's always 'on the bubble.' Her fate won't be decided until late in the summer, but when asked whether or not she'd do it all over again, she simply replied, "In a heartbeat."

Floored!

McKinnon Gym to get long-overdue facelift

by Iain McLetchie

UVic's McKinnon Gym will undergo extensive renovations this summer, and while that's good news to regular users of the building, including Vikes basketball teams, it's giving headaches to Athletics staff who have to find new venues for the regular McKinnon-hosted summertime activities.

The gym's floor, which has slightly fewer dead spots than Ross Bay Cemetery, will be ripped out and replaced during the months of June and July. The Department of Athletics and Recreation, busy finalizing plans for summer camps and programming, must now contend with the maintenance company's schedule.

Jim Hays, UVic's interim manager of Athletics, said the floor, which was put in place in 1972, is simply nearing the end of its life-cycle.

"We've requested the work for a number of years, and it's now moved ahead in priority on the Campus Capital Development list," said Hays. "If we can get another 30 years out of (the new floor), we're doing well."

The old hardwood floor is pockmarked with "dead spots"—areas that have less bounce than they should. This condition happens when the top hardwood layer detaches from the bottom securing layers, creating spots of weakness. That's a distraction for basketball players, who can lose the dribble when a ball hits a dead spot and doesn't bounce back up to the dribbler's hand. The potential for injury also exists, particularly when an athlete jumps and lands on the less-absorbent dead areas.

According to Stan Peters, Trinity Western's basketball coach, a volleyball player at the Langley school landed on a dead spot in Trinity's David Enarsen gym over the Christmas break and broke through the floor, trapping his ankle for a few moments. The athlete wasn't injured, but the event helped speed up the installation of a new floor at Trinity. Here at UVic, where the situation is nowhere near as dire, men's basketball coach Guy Vetrie believes the floor is at least partly responsible for the rash of knee, leg, and ankle injuries his team has suffered in the past two seasons. Given that, it's no wonder Vetrie, who was unavailable for comment, has been the loudest proponent for a new floor.

Krista Mullaly, UVic Athletics trainer, backed up Vetrie's view—to a certain extent.

"It could definitely lead to shin splints, but I can't say specifically," said Mullaly, who treats most of UVic's athletes. "It's hard to say for sure, but (the floor) could quite easily play a part."

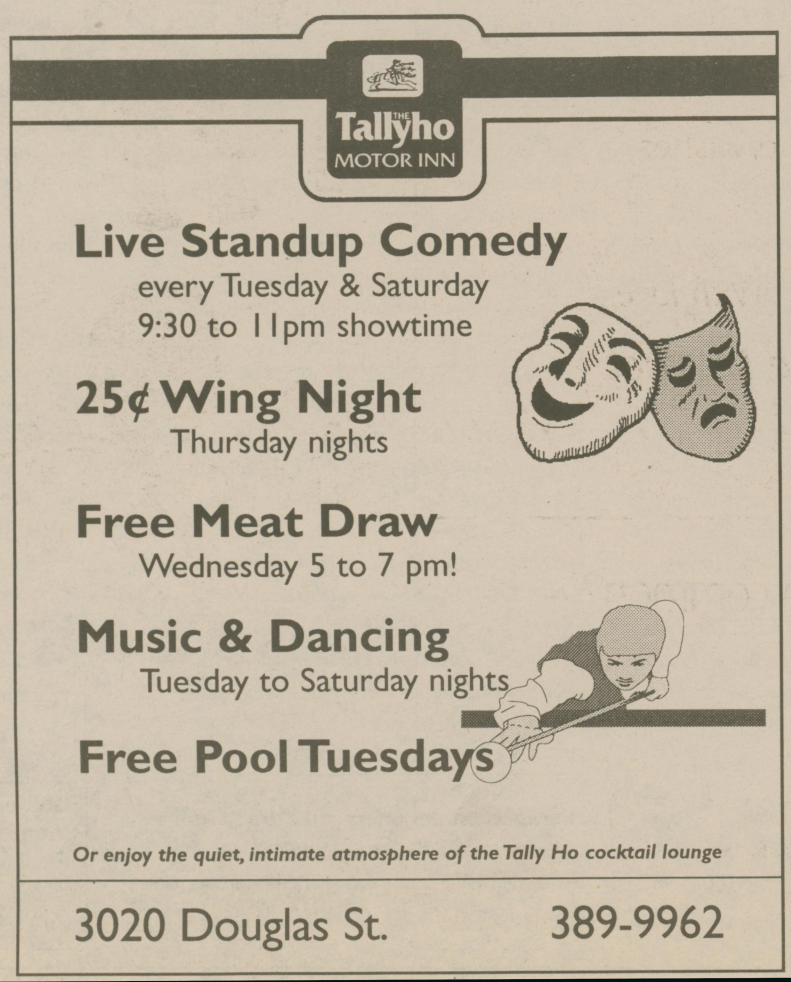
As for scheduling, with the gym out of commission for the entire month of July, a few sports camps will have to be moved. Cathy Nelson, Athletics events coordinator, is hopeful only two, maybe three, basketball camps will have to be moved to new locations. She also conceded that the smaller locations might result in a lower attendance for those camps.

"We're hoping not to move that many," she said. "Mt. Doug (High School) is our first choice because it's so close and we could then use the Ian Stewart Complex, as they're right beside each other. We traditionally have around 80 campers for those camps, so we may have to drop it down a bit."

Also lost in the shuffle will be the UVic summer basketball league, which utilizes all three courts for three nights a week during May and June, and recreational court users, who won't be able to get onto an indoor court at UVic during July.

But scheduling aside, the long-needed renovations will be a welcome change.

"It's fantastic," said women's basketball coach Brian Cheng. "It's awesome for the players and great aesthetically for the fans. McKinnon's long overdue for a little overhaul."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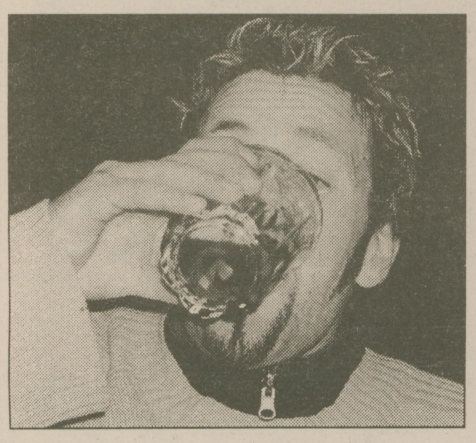
Get your drink on: Training for the real summer games



Story and photos by Rich Cole

Ah, yes. Summer vacation. Time to live in harmony with nature and meditate regularly.

But kids, do not forget your real responsibility—drinking. Just because the regular season for drinking games is over doesn't mean you should take the summer off. This is your big chance to up your liver's immunity and develop your gaming skills. Here are a few tips on how to spice up your summer training regimen:

Build Mass with Volume.

It's simple physics; the bigger the belly the more it will hold. Expand your six-pack to a one-pack with Canadian Rules Bubba:

Rule 1: No less than a 1:1 ratio of drinkers to Bubba kegs.

Rule 2: Once it's open, you must drink every foamless drop or hurl in the process.

Rule 3: If you manage to conquer one Bubba, go for two, etc.

I tried for one and I hurled. My buddy Justin was even worse. He passed out at a cabin and his dad (who happens to belong to the RCMP) found him cuddling a Bubba with an inch of flat beer left.

"I can't believe you didn't finish it!" he said.

Join the club. Build endurance.

A hundred shots of beer in a hundred minutes. It's the Century Club (or Hundred Club, or Centurion). There are some variations to this. You can partake in the Power hour, which consists of 60 shots in 60 minutes, or perhaps the 700 Club—where you do it every day for a week.

In a Tofino hostel, some of the *Martlet* staff played Centurion strictly for research purposes, and didn't forget to take notes:

Shot 27: Australians sit down to feed us food while we drink, but some refuse because we are afraid of the barfing monster.

31: John says, "We're like a pot full of lobsters, coming to a slow boil. We have no idea we're boiling. Slowly cooked alive."

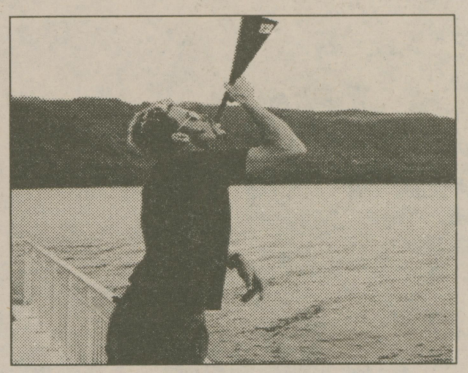
43: Craig runs to his room, forgets why he went. Instead, he goes to the washroom and misses 44. He remembers, gets more writing paper and makes it back in time for reparations and 45. Whew.

76: After a sing-along louder than Richard Simmons in Spandex the hostel staff takes the guitar away. "So can we turn the music on?" I ask. A disgruntled hostel employee responds less than enthusiastically: "Look at this," pointing to our pile of empties. "Figure it out buddy."

95: People say, "Cheers to that!" Craig has no idea what's going on. Someone says, "Craig, what is going on?" Craig doesn't know. "Cheers to what?" he asks.

97: "Three more," I say. "I'm going to be drunk for the rest of my life."

Note: In our inebriation we forgot to write down comments for 100. Basically defeating the whole "getting research on paper" idea. Oh well, try it out for yourselves.



Use your imagination.

I saw a great example of innovative gadgetry on *Craig Kilborn* last week. Some frat boys at Mardi Gras made the world's biggest beer bong. There was a dude on a balcony pouring beer into a funnel. It descended a three-storey drop through a series of garden hoses. Finally, when the terminal velocity brew hit the guy's chops at the bottom, the surplus foam sprayed the crowd. I almost cried it was so touching. The frat boy probably cried too. I think his cheeks are permanently stretched from the high pressure. But just like tennis elbow, these things happen. Some just wash out. It's all part of the sport.

Here are some other ideas:

Quarters: Dig through the couch, find a coin and bounce it into a cup. Miss? Drink. Hit? Give a drink to someone else. There are a few variations to this one.

The Butt Drop: One of the *Martlet* editors (you decide) said that her friends would put the coin between their buttcheeks (with clothes on) and attempt to drop it into a cup on the floor.

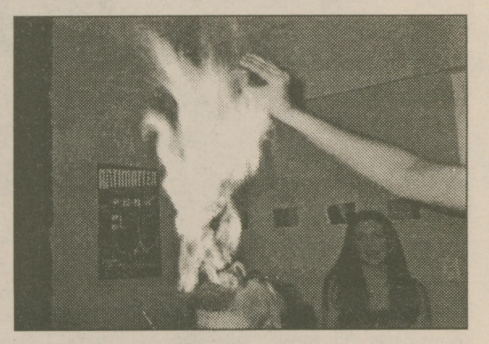
Speed Quarters: Try to get that damned quarter in the cup as fast as you can. Forget the amount of attempts but count the amount of seconds—that's what you drink.

Flying Solo? Go to the neighborhood pub and try this:

1. Approach the bar and order a shot.
2. Pay for the drink with a bill.
3. When the bartender goes to get change, down the shot.
4. When he returns with the change, go to step number 1.

The game ends if:

a) You fall over (Bar wins).
b) Barman punches your lights out (Draw).
c) You get thrown out (Draw).
d) Bar closes (You win).



Sit back, relax, and enjoy the show.

Watch the movie *Swingers*. Every time the words "baby," "money" or "Mikey" are spoken, take a drink. There is one scene where these words are said 14 times in a span of two minutes. This works with any movie and any word.

Word.

The moral of this story is don't be afraid to experiment, kids. Have you ever asked yourself "Is there anything that can't be turned into a drinking game?" Don't get smart. The answer is no.

Just remember one thing: Players can never do too much silly stuff. With discipline (and spiking the IOC's Evian with Fireball) drinking games might even be in the next Olympics. Will you be ready?

Billboards

on campus

UVic Pride is having THE BIGGEST PARTY OF THE YEAR – April 11th @ 7 p.m. in the Grad Lounge/IQ Bistro. FREE FOOD! DRAG QUEENS! LIVE MUSIC! PRIZES! ALL AGES!

The Armed With Understanding Lecture Series presents: "If You Love This Planet," a film by Helen Keldecott. Discussion with the director to follow. Wednesday, April 23, 8:00 p.m., David Lam Auditorium (MacLaurin Bldg.). Free and open to the public.

off campus

Wing Chun Kung Fu Self Defence.
Five minute walk from UVic.
www.sprtingtimesong.com
383-0408.

The MEVA Association (for Chronic Fatigue S.) will be having certified professional "Life Coaches" at their next support meeting on Tues. April 15, from 1 to 3 p.m. in the Clinic Room, Capital Health Region Offices, 2nd floor – 3995 Quadra St.; in the McKenzie-Quadra Saanich centre. Newcomers welcome! 388-4478 or 384-4783.
me.victoria@shaw.ca
http://members.shaw.ca/me.victoria

Activists' Video Night: History of the CIA – 50 Years of Covert. Thursday, April 17, 8:00 p.m. Camosun College (Lansdowne) – Fisher Bldg. Theatre.
FREE!

UVic theatre students present *The Serpent,* by Jean Claude Van Itallie, directed by Tanner Harvey and produced by Awkward Angel Theatre Company.
April 15-19 @ 8 p.m. @ Fernwood Community Association (1923 Fernwood Rd.).
Tickets are $10 @ the door.
Call 592-9940 for more info.

announcements

On Sunday, April 13, walk, roll or run along Oak Bay's gorgeous waterfront and help improve the quality of life for people living with Multiple Sclerosis.
Participate in the Super Cities WALK/Run for MS presented by RBC Financial Group. Join us at the starting line at Windsor Park for fun, fitness and fundraising.
To register or for more information, visit our website at www.supercitieswalk.com or call the Victoria MS Society at (250) 388-6496.

Pachanga Latina. Latin Dance Party, Saturday April 12 at Fusion Café (across from Sticky Wicket Hotel), 818 Douglas St. Salsa Dance Class 8:00–9:00 and party 9:00 p.m.–1:00 a.m. Students $5.00, non-students $6.00. For more info check out pachangalatina.ca or call (250) 477-6051.

for sale

1990 Blue Toyota 4Runner for sale.
Well maintained, no accidents, 210,000 km. $4995.00. For more info call Julie @ (604) 983-2755.

CHEAP & RELIABLE CAR! 1988 Dodge Colt (Turbo). Colour: silver. 3-door, 5-speed manual, tape player, AM/FM stereo, economical 1.6 ltr, 225,000 kms. Runs well, good condition. $1,000 obo. Ph: (250) 886-0805.

Pentium computer, monitor, keyboard and optical mouse. $200. Call or leave a message for Glen at 382-9116.

employment wanted

Roof inspections, guaranteed repairs + reroof. Gutter repair/replace. 15 years experience. Call 380-5685.

English tutor available for help with ESL, essays. Reasonable rates. Bente, 592-8340.

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***The Martlet* could always use your help. We** have summer issues starting May 15!

accommodations

Pinewood Estates offers you X-tra spacious townhouses (up to 2,100 sq. ft.!) in Gordon Head near UVic and malls. Parklike setting, quiet area, 3-level homes. Call Barb @ 812-4402.

Villa Marie (Shelbourne) offers you X-tra large 1 or 2 BR. Free HW, near mall & UVic, quiet building. May 1st. Call Christine @ 721-0175.

hey you

You are a disgusting slob. What is that? A Twisted Sister pin on your uniform? What kind of a man are you? You're worthless and weak. I carried an M16 and you, you carry that, that, that, guitar! Who are you? Where do you come from? Are you listening to me? What do you wanna do with your life?! Love, Dad.

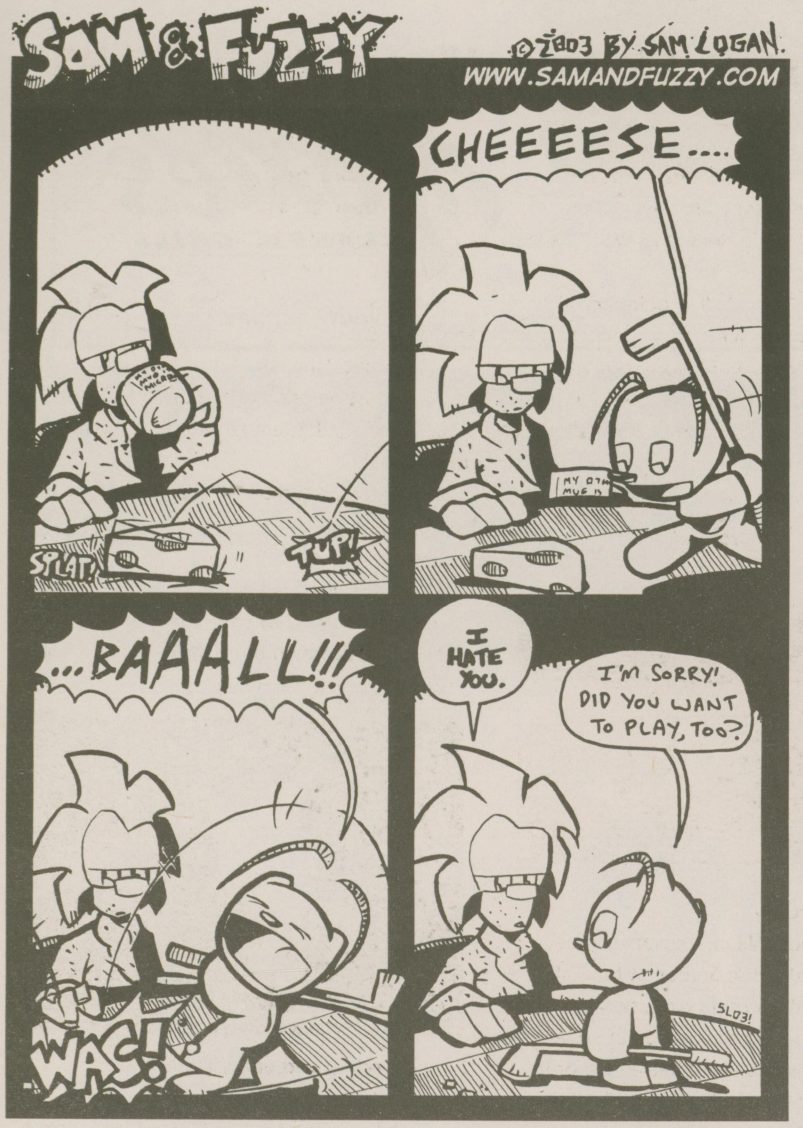
I am still a poodle named Jock. I am still lost. Have you even been looking?!

Hey "Stinky Howard," that 'fro looks familiar. Guess you've been too busy at the Nightclub With The Lights On to pay attention to your favorite fan. Ah well, always the bridesmaid. Maybe you need some help looking for dead spots on the gym floor. I know a couple spots with all the bounce you need to score. Until then, enjoy Europe. Gymfan.

Hey Megatron! Nice ass!

Billboard Rates

students & clubs	$2/issue
non-students	$2/line
businesses	$5.50/3 lines + $2/extra line
hey you!	free!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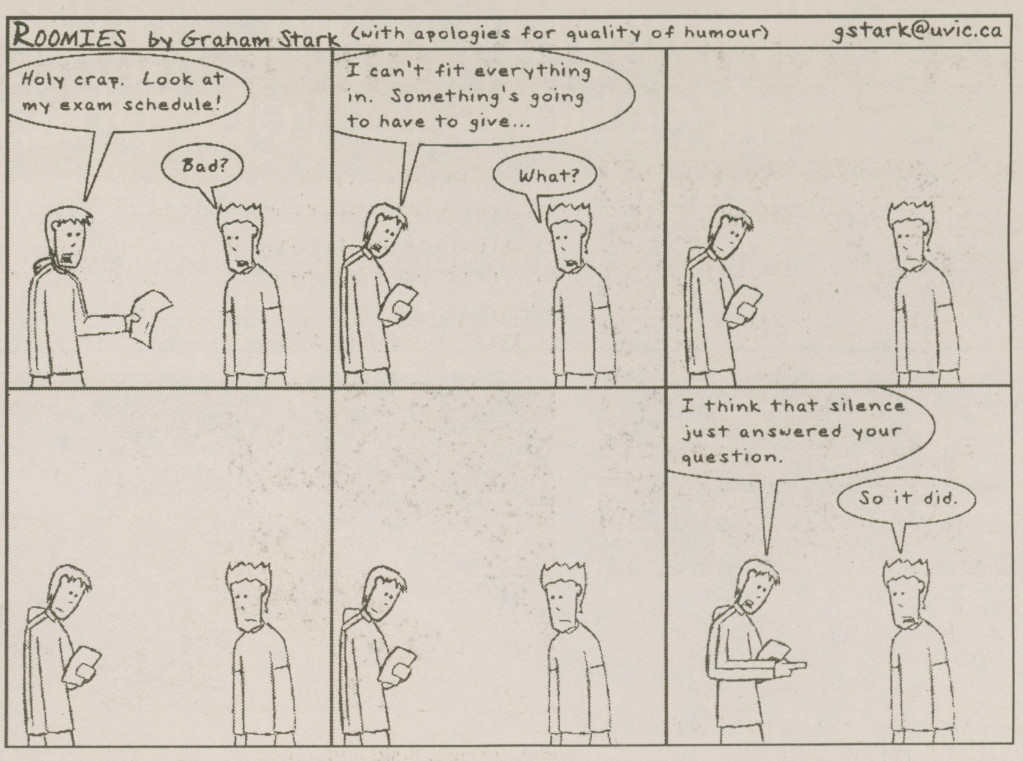
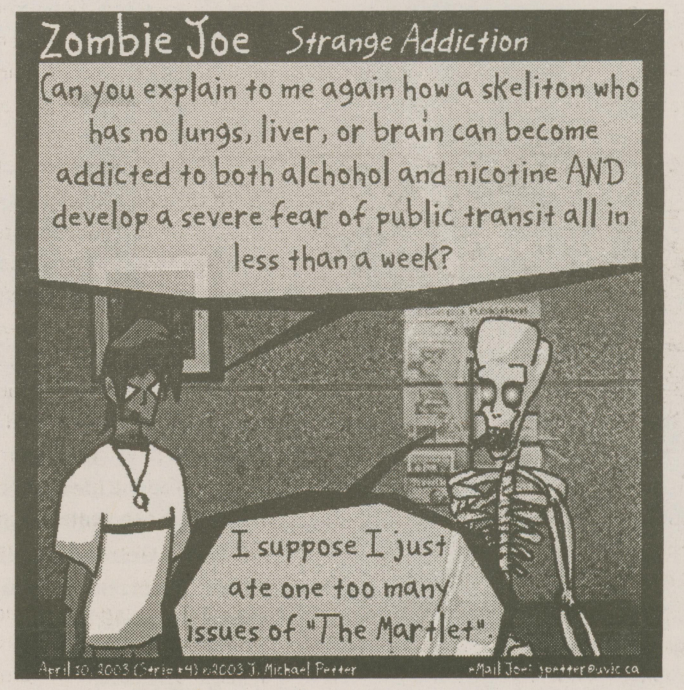
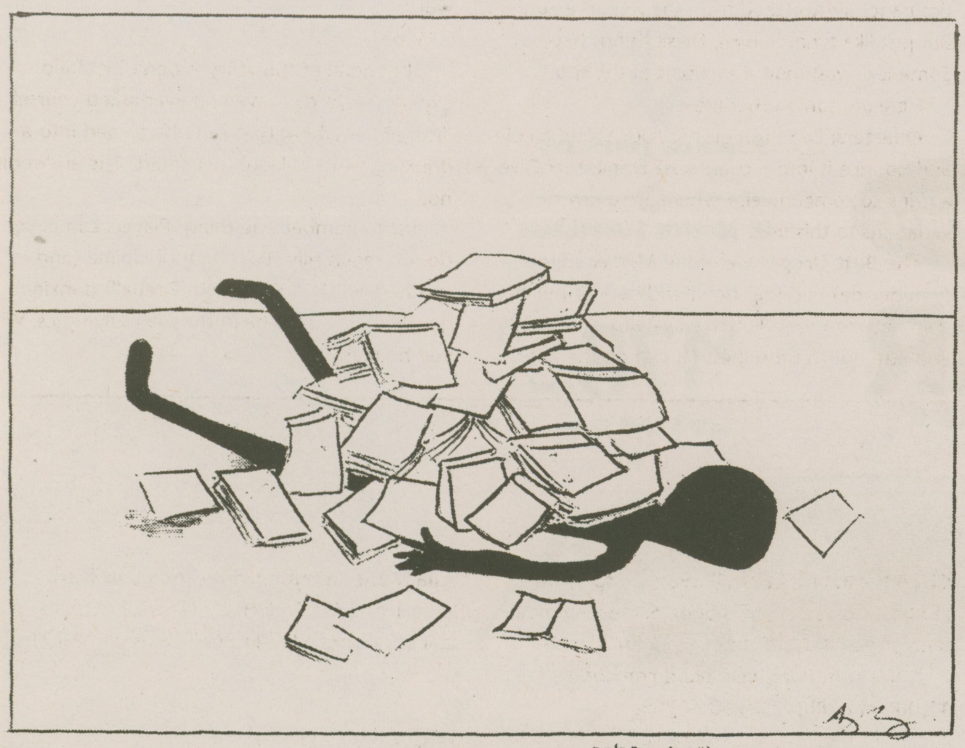
CHEEEESE....
SPLAT
...BAAALL!!!
I HATE YOU.
I'M SORRY! DID YOU WANT TO PLAY, TOO?
WAC!


ROOMIES by Graham Stark (with apologies for quality of humour) gstark@uvic.ca
Holy crap. Look at my exam schedule!
Bad?
I can't fit everything in. Something's going to have to give...
What?
I think that silence just answered your question.
So it did.


Zombie Joe Strange Addiction
Can you explain to me again how a skeliton who has no lungs, liver, or brain can become addicted to both alchohol and nicotine AND develop a severe fear of public transit all in less than a week?
I suppose I just ate one too many issues of "The Martlet".
April 10, 2003 (Serie #4) ©2003 J. Michael Potter
eMail Joe: jpotter@uvic.ca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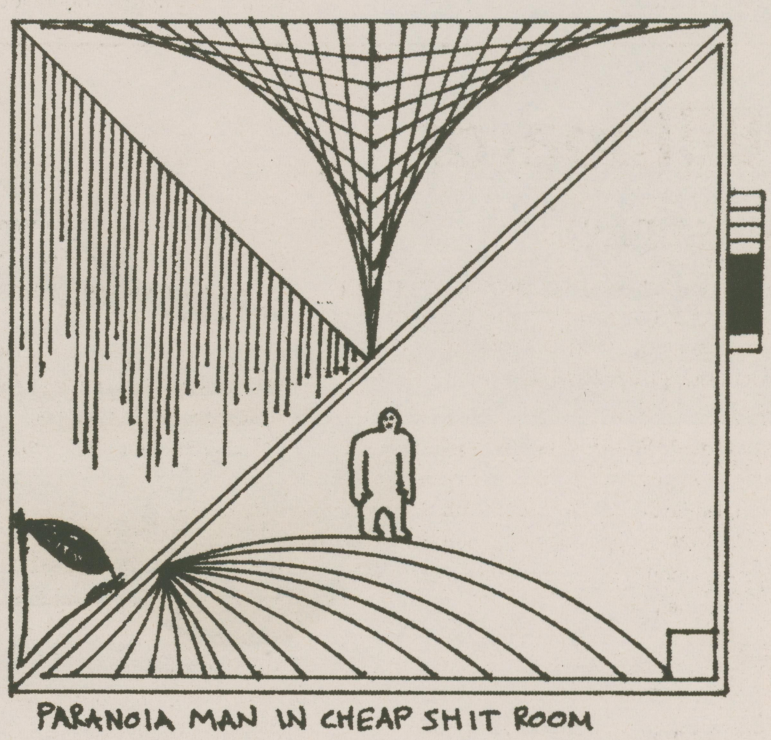
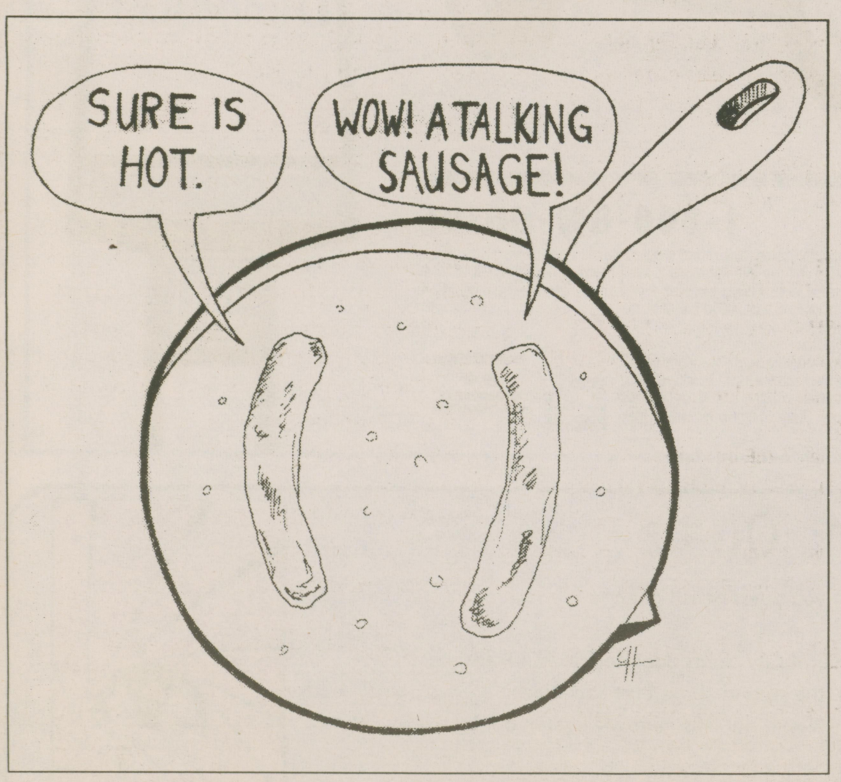
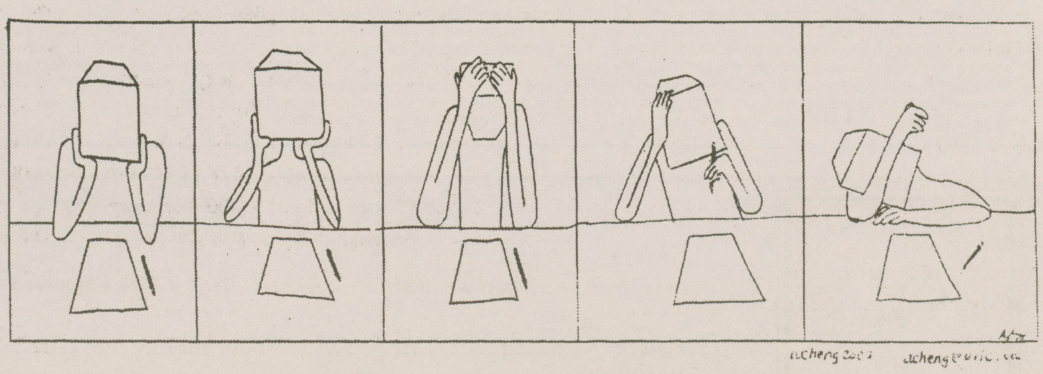

PARANOIA MAN IN CHEAP SHIT ROOM


SURE IS HOT.
WOW! A TALKING SAUSAGE!


acheng 2003 acheng@uvic.ca

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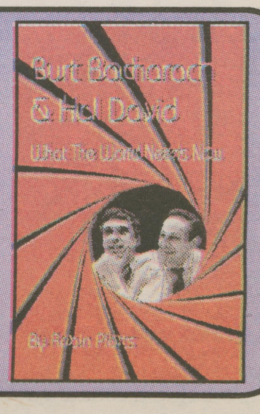
Spot The Truth Quiz

Three of these statements we made up, but one of them is **God's Honest Truth**. Can you guess which one?

1) *Martlet* Contributing Editor Jeff Andrew's great-uncle is Lawrence Ferlinghetti, owner of City Lights Bookstore in San Fransisco.

2) Editor-In-Chief Robin Platts has published two books: one about the band Genesis, the second about Burt Bacharach.

3) Features Editor Zoë Bake-Paterson once auditioned for a role on Buffy The Vampire Slayer, but was narrowly beaten out by a woman from Spuzzum, BC.

4) In the autumn of 1993 Managing Editor Craig Battle had a one-night stand with Lisa Loeb, after which she wrote the song "Stay."

Guess right and win some random prize of whomever's choice. *The Martlet*, SUB B011